JUDSON THE PIONEER

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JUDSON THE PIONEER

BURMAN BUDDHIST PRIEST AND BOY BEGGING

JUDSON THE PIONEER

By J. MERVIN HULL

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Others have labored, and the writer of this little book has entered into their labors. The original "Memoir," by Doctor Wayland; the fine "Life of Judson," by his son Edward; the "Life of Ann Judson," by J. D. Knowles, were the principal books consulted. The description of the Salem Ordination is principally from an article by Dr. James M. Hill, and much of the sequence of events leading to the organization of the Triennial Convention was furnished by Rev. A. W. Smith, of the New England Baptist Library. From these and all other available sources the endeavor has been made to select those scenes and incidents which reveal the character of Adoniram Judson, and set forth his career as

THE PIONEER.

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JUDSON THE PIONEER

I

THE SMART BOY OF BELL ROCK

"HI, boys, there goes the Bell Rock alarm! Come on!"

The boys of Malden, Massachusetts, in the old Colonial days were always listening for the Bell Rock alarm. It was a church bell, but it wasn't in a church tower. It was swung in a wooden frame on a rounding ledge of rock, where now a noble soldiers' monument stands. It not only called the people to worship; it called the freeholders to town meeting, and in times of danger from Indians or other enemies it sounded a swift alarm.

Just across the road from Bell Rock and the old-fashioned meeting-house stood, and still stands, the Ministry House, as the parsonage was called, where the early ministers of the Congre-

gational church lived, and in the Bell Rock Ministry House was born, on August 9, 1788, a boy whose name will be known and honored as long as Bell Rock stands. They gave him his father's name, Adoniram Judson, and he was destined to hear thousands of tinkling bells on high pagoda *h'tees* in a land far from Bell Rock, and to ring a bell himself that should wake up thousands to come to the rescue of men.

He was a smart boy, that Adoniram Judson. There is no record left as to whether they called him "Addy" or "Niram" for a baby name, but when he was only four years old he was leading the children in a play which was very natural for a boy born in the Ministry House. He used to gather the children of the neighborhood together to play "church." Adoniram was the minister, the others were the congregation. There was no reporter to take down the sermon, but in after years his parents used to say that his favorite hymn in this children's church was the one beginning, "Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord."

A few years later, when the family were living in Wenham, Massachusetts, where they moved in 1793, the boy's mind began to show a wonderful acuteness and eagerness in solving all sorts of

WHERE THE PIONEER WAS BORN

puzzles and problems, possible and impossible. When he was about seven years old he said to his little sister:

"See here, Abby, they have told me that the earth is round, and revolves around the sun. Now I am going to find out whether the sun moves or not."

"Why, of course it moves," said the innocent little Abby, "I can see it move."

"Fudge," Adoniram retorted, "I want to prove it." Soon after this he was one day missed about noon; he had not been seen for several hours, and his father went to find him. He found him in an open field, stretched on his back. Over his face was a hat with a circular hole cut in the crown. Through this he was gazing at the sun, and his swollen eyes were almost blinded by the light and heat. He told his father only that he had been looking at the sun; but he told Abby that he knew now about the movements of the sun, although he could not make her understand what he had discovered.

By the time he was eight or ten years old he had quite a fame among his playmates as Adoniram the puzzler. He could guess any riddle or charade and solve any enigma that was offered to

him; and he made it a point to store up a great quantity of such puzzles and "spring" them upon his schoolmates. One of these enigmas was really a turning-point in Judson's life, although nobody realized it at the time. In a newspaper that he was reading he found an enigma which the editor claimed was a hard nut to crack, and challenged any of his readers to send him the correct answer.

"Ho!" exclaimed the smart young puzzler, "I'll bet I have guessed as hard riddles as that."

So he went at it with all his enthusiasm and keenness, and never let up till he found what he believed to be the correct answer. He told nobody but his one sharer of all secrets, his adoring little sister Abby. "Look, Abby, I've got it all nicely copied out, and I'm going to address it to the editor, and he will soon see that his riddle is guessed. Come on to the post-office with me."

But alas, that postmaster! He couldn't think of any good reason why a small boy should send a letter to an editor, and he felt it his duty to interfere. "Some nonsense or other," he thought; "maybe he's trying to play some joke on the editor. I'll just hand the letter back to the minister, and then I guess that smart youngster will get his come-uppance."

Think of Adoniram's feelings when he saw that letter paraded on the table after tea! Goodness—no chance to talk about it even with sister Abby. And there sat his father, tall, imposing, unrelenting, "like a censor of the Romans," some one described him, sternly gazing at the frightened puzzle-solver.

"Is this yours, Adoniram?"

"Yes, sir."

"How came you to write it?"

Silence.

"What is it about?"

"Please read it, father."

"I do not read other people's letters."

Adoniram broke the seal, and in a trembling voice read the letter, and placed it in his father's hands.

He read it carefully.

"Bring me the newspaper that contained the enigma."

He read the paper, and read the boy's letter again. Then once more, and again. And then——

He spread the letter and newspaper on the table, crossed his hands upon his knees, and looked intently into the fire. Long Adoniram stood watching him. "Will he punish me?" "Will he

praise me for solving the riddle?" Over and over again these questions chased each other through his mind.

But when Adoniram Judson, the father, woke from his long reverie, he said not a word about the enigma, nor did he ever mention it again. And he never told anybody directly what he was thinking about as he sat there in silence. But we can perhaps guess his thought from what he said to Adoniram the next day:

"Since you are so fond of puzzles, I have bought you a book that is full of them, and when you have solved all those in this book, I will get you another with harder ones in it."

Then the Censor of the Romans, without intending to do it, opened the window of his heart so that anybody could look in and see the treasure that he guarded so closely there. He called Adoniram to him, patted him on the head with unusual tenderness, and said:

"You are a very acute boy, Adoniram, and I expect you to become a great man."

Yes, the stern Puritan clergyman had been seeing visions as he sat there before the fire, and the chief figure in every one of them was his son Adoniram. He saw him a great scholar; he saw

him a great orator; he saw him a great man of business, even a great statesman—nobody can tell how high the visions reached, but into whatever field of life they took Adoniram he was everywhere a great man. And when he patted the boy on the head and said, "I expect you to become a great man," he sowed the seed of worldly ambition in Adoniram's heart, and it grew and grew till it became a big, strong, cross-grained tree standing across his pathway, and had to be cut down with much hard and painful labor before he could go forward to his life-work.

It was at first a little disappointing to Adoniram that the "book of puzzles" which his father gave him turned out to be the very arithmetic which the older boys in Master Dodge's school were studying. "Never mind," he thought, "if there are any first-class puzzles in arithmetic, that's the book for me."

So he went at it with his usual keenness and enthusiasm, and before he was ten years old he had gained quite a reputation for good scholarship, especially in arithmetic, so much so that a gentleman who lived in the neighboring town of Beverly sent him a problem, and offered him a dollar if he could solve it.

That just suited Adoniram. The dollar looked good to him, but what he thought of most of all was his reputation as a smart scholar—that was going to rise or fall by the result. He shut himself in his room, and hardly could be prevailed upon to leave it for his meals. The problem proved to be a tough one. He made pages of figures, but still the knot wouldn't loosen. He rumpled up his hair until, if we may judge from some of his pictures, it never could be smoothed out again.

On the morning of the second day he had a call. "Come, Adoniram, and play with your little brother; he isn't very well, and you can amuse him."

He didn't want to go in the least. There was the problem unsolved, and there was his reputation as a smart scholar. But he went instantly, without a word of remonstrance. That was the way children were trained to obey their parents in those days. But he took his "thinker" right along with him.

What he had to do was to build a house out of corn-cobs, while his little brother watched him. He laid an unusually strong foundation, putting each cob in its place as carefully as if the destiny

of the world depended upon it. All the while he was thinking, thinking about the problem that he had failed to master in two days of hard work. One more beam, then another, and another—and suddenly with one sweep of his hand he scattered the cobs all over the room, and shouting, "I've got it! I've got it!" he ran to his room and recorded the solution of his problem. The dollar was won, and the boy's reputation for keenness more firmly established.

"Old Virgil dug up," the boys at the grammar school nicknamed him. He was a favorite with his companions, else they wouldn't have nicknamed him at all—every boy understands how that is. He was spirited, self-confident, very active, and energetic; but still he was fonder of his books than of play, and fondest of all of his sister Abby. Even at this time he was a specially fine scholar in Greek, and at ten years of age he took lessons in navigation from Captain Morton, and made considerable progress in that.

If you ever take a trip to the historic town of the Pilgrims and stand for a moment upon the famous Plymouth Rock, be sure to spend a few minutes of your time in looking up the reminders there of the Pioneer of Burma. For in 1802,

when Adoniram was fourteen years old, the Judson family moved to Plymouth, where the elder Judson became the pastor of the Third Congregational Church, and from that time onward Plymouth was the only home that Adoniram knew in America. In the house on Pleasant Street, Abby Judson continued to live until her death in 1884. When Adoniram Judson left it for his last journey to Burma, his sister closed the room he slept in, and never allowed it to be opened or cared for. As Adoniram left it, so he should find it on his return, was her thought. In Pilgrim Hall there is an ancient trunk which Judson had with him in Burma, and on the very summit of Burial Hill lie the remains of Judson's mother, sister, and several other members of the family, and there is a memorial inscription to the missionary. This lot is easily found, as it is near the tablet which marks the site of the ancient watch-tower.

And thus it happened that from Pilgrim Plymouth, Adoniram took the journey that marked the end of boyhood and the beginning of young manhood. In 1804 he entered Rhode Island College—soon changed to Brown University. He was only sixteen years old, but he entered the sophomore class. He was the same kind of

leader in college that he had been among his boyhood schoolmates. During his fifteenth year he had been unable to study much on account of illness, and so after entering college he was obliged to devote himself very closely to his studies. Then there was that tree of ambition that had been planted in his heart. He wanted to beat everybody, and especially he wanted to beat John Bailey, the only member of the class who was a real rival to him in scholarship, and who afterward became a member of Congress from Massachusetts. One classmate said of him, "I have no recollection that Judson ever failed, or even hesitated, in recitation."

And in 1807 the Smart Boy of Bell Rock was graduated from Brown University as the leader of his class, and with the highest appointment for the commencement exercises.

II

FROM JUDSON TO JOHNSON AND BACK AGAIN

YOU can feel the electric thrill in this letter after more than a hundred years:

DEAR FATHER: I have got it.

Your affectionate son,

A. J.

Oh, yes, "Father" knew what "affectionate son" had got; he was expecting it all the time. It was "son's" appointment as valedictorian of his class in college, at graduation.

To be valedictorian meant a good deal at those old-time college commencements. It meant, of course, that Adoniram was the leader of his class in scholarship. And there, in the front seats, were his father and mother and his sister Abby, proudly watching him. They listened to his oration, and thought it was the most eloquent that was ever spoken; they saw the learned professors bow to him when he addressed them, and last and best of all, they saw the whole class arise

before him when he spoke those tender and beautiful words of farewell. Abby and her mother shed happy tears, and didn't care who saw them. The sober clergyman tried not to get excited, but didn't succeed very well.

All this shines right through that letter of four short words; that is why it was sent. When Adoniram received the appointment he could hardly keep his feet on the ground. Even after the letter was written, he walked around the streets awhile before taking the letter to the post-office, to quiet the beatings of his heart, so that he needn't appear crazy in case he should happen to meet any of his classmates—especially John Bailey, his dear friend and rival for the appointment.

Now there was another letter written to Adoniram's father before that time, which had a good many more than four words in it—big ones too, and perhaps it had something to do with the strange course that Adoniram took just after he left college. The letter was from the president of Brown University, and in it he said: "I must drop you a word concerning your son. A uniform propriety of conduct, as well as an intense application to study, distinguishes his character.

Your expectations of him, however sanguine, must certainly be gratified. I most heartily congratulate you, my dear sir, in the prospect which you have exhibited in this amiable and promising son."

Any father would be glad to get a letter like that, but it added to the great ambition which the minister had for his son, and then too, Adoniram himself was going through an experience at that time, about two years before he entered college, that made him fall right in with the ideas of his father.

He had a very severe illness, and was weak for months. When he began to get better, he spent many long days and nights in picturing to himself his future life. "I will be an orator!" he thought, "and sway thousands by my eloquence"; or, "I will be a poet, and the world shall be entranced by the beauty of my lines"; again, "I will be a statesman, and nations shall be guided by my wisdom."

For whatever character or profession he hit upon in this castle building, he was always sure to attain to the highest eminence; so much so that when he saw himself at the highest pinnacle of which human nature is capable, he felt like

HOW BROWN UNIVERSITY LOOKED WHEN JUDSON GRADUATED

weeping because it was not possible to go any farther.

Then, one day, his mind began to dwell on religious things. Of course he was familiar with the Bible; of course he had been carefully taught the principles of Christianity in his father's home. But suddenly he realized that to be a humble follower of Christ would upset most of his dreams of future fame. "Adoniram Judson" was written all over every profession and career that he had been thinking of, and now there flashed into his mind the words, "Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name be the glory."

There was an inside fight right then and there, and the side of right got beaten. Adoniram had always said and thought, so far as he had thought anything about it, that he wished to become truly religious; but now religion, as it seemed to him, was entirely opposed to all his ambitious plans. He was afraid to look into his own heart, lest he should discover what he did not like to confess, even to himself—that he did not want to become a Christian.

All this conflict, remember, was going on in the mind and heart of a boy not yet fifteen years old. He was fully awake to the vanity of a selfish

career, but every time he went over the matter he came back to this: "My father has told me over and over again that I am some day to become a great man, and a great man I am resolved to be; and religion can take care of itself."

That was the frame of mind he was in when he went to college, and so with all his brightness, all his wonderful intellectual powers, he fell an easy victim to an influence that overwhelmed many young men at that time. This influence was the French infidelity which, after the war of the Revolution, swept over America like a flood. The brilliant atheistic writings of Voltaire were translated and circulated, including his prophecy that the "Bible would soon be a forgotten book." Atheism became the fashion for a number of years to an extent that is hard to realize now, and young men of brains were supposed to be superior to the "mythology" of the Bible.

In the class above Judson was a talented, witty, handsome, attractive young fellow, whose name is suppressed in the memoirs of Judson, but we will call him, for convenience, say, Lanceford. A strong friendship grew up between Judson and Lanceford, founded on similar tastes, sympathies, and intellectual achievements; and Lanceford

introduced his friend into the "freedom" of unbelief. This fitted in exactly with Judson's unbounded ambitions, and he soon became, professedly at least, as great an unbeliever as Lanceford, and when he finished his college course he exulted in the thought that he stood at the gateway of wealth, fame, success to the utmost limit, unfettered by the least hint of duty to God, and unhampered by antiquated religious scruples.

Of course he must make a beginning in some way, and he did it in a way most natural to one of his intellectual tendencies. In the autumn of 1807 he opened a private academy in Plymouth, which he taught for nearly a year, and during that time, just for mental exercise, as it would seem, he wrote and published two school-books, "The Elements of English Grammar," and "The Young Lady's Arithmetic." It might be interesting to look up that old book and find out why it was thought in those days that a "young lady" needed a special kind of arithmetic. But Judson's teaching days were few. The restless ambitions that were seething within him soon drove him out into the great world, and we must go with him.

He closed his school in Plymouth and set out

on a tour through the Northern States. Before he started there was a tremendous scene between the son and father. Adoniram lightly set forth his change of views, and openly declared his infidel sentiments. The minister was amazed. He had made unnumbered sacrifices gladly for the son that he loved deep down under his stern exterior. In his visions of pride for his success there had never been a hint of anything like this. But though he was amazed, he was not overwhelmed, and he rose like a lion to the defense of the faith that was in him.

Young Adoniram smilingly lifted the shield of his sparkling sophistry. He knew he was superior to his father in argument, but he had nothing to oppose to his mother's tears and pleadings, and in spite of himself they followed him wherever he went.

He started out with a horse which his father had furnished him. When, in the course of his travels, he came to the home of his uncle, Rev. Ephraim Judson, in Sheffield, Connecticut, he heard that the wonder of the world, the steamboat which Robert Fulton had invented, would soon make a trip from Albany to New York. He left his horse with his uncle, and hurried to Albany to

see this marvel of the new century, and gladly took passage on the " Clermont " for New York.

It was long, long years afterward before Judson told the whole story of that journey and its sequel, but during his last illness in Burma he described to his wife, with all the enthusiasm of youth, the impressions made upon his mind. Naturally, on such a trip as that, the passengers quickly became friendly and sociable without formal introductions. They talked about the scenery, the wonderful craft that was carrying them down the Hudson.

" Ah, Mr. Judson, look at the beautiful reach of the river that we are entering! "

" Take my word for it, Mr. Johnson, the ' Clermont ' and her successors are bound to revolutionize transportation by water."

" Mr. Judson "—" Mr. Johnson "; sometimes he was addressed by one name, sometimes by the other. Why not let it go at that, and be " Mr. Johnson " until he had " seen the world "?

So it was Mr. Johnson who left the " Clermont " at New York, and joined a band of strolling players for a time. He knew that he was on the verge of such a life as he despised. For the world he would not see his younger brother in his

position. "But I," he thought, "am in no danger. I am only seeing the world—the dark side of it as well as the bright; and I have too much self-respect to do anything mean or vicious."

It was a fellow prisoner in Ava, an English gentleman, to whom Judson told the story of this episode: "We lived a reckless, vagabond life," he said; "finding lodgings where we could, running up a score, and decamping without paying the reckoning. Before leaving America, when the enormity of this vicious course rested with depressing weight upon my mind, I made a second tour over the same ground, carefully making amends to all whom I had injured."

After some time in New York, he returned to Sheffield for his horse, intending to pursue his sightseeing journey westward. Then two events took place which changed the whole course of his life. One of them seems slight enough. At Sheffield he met a young minister, who had taken his Uncle Ephraim's place. He was so sincere, so solemnly but gently in earnest that Judson's heart was touched, and he went away deeply impressed.

The next night he stopped at a country inn, and the landlord apologized for having to put him in

the next room to a young man who lay very ill, probably dying.

"I hope it will occasion you no uneasiness, sir?"

"Oh, no," replied Judson, "only that I deeply pity the poor sufferer."

But as the night wore on he heard sounds from the sick-chamber, and he could not sleep. The young man was dying, the innkeeper said. Was he prepared? Oh, Mr. Johnson! He felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question. What would the band of players say to such weakness? How the clear-minded, intellectual Lanceford would make fun of him! Still the question came back, "Was he a Christian?" and he could not rest till the morning sunshine dispelled his "superstitious illusions."

"How is the sick young man?" he asked the landlord.

"He is dead."

"Dead! Do you know who he was?"

"Oh, yes; it was a young man from Brown University—a very fine fellow; his name was Lanceford."

Judson was stunned. After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his

journey. But all his atheism had turned to ashes. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true, and he was in despair. He abandoned his journey and turned his horse's head toward Plymouth.

The path that led out of that despair was as peculiar as some of Judson's other experiences. On October 12, 1808, he entered Andover Theological Seminary as a special student, without feeling that he was yet a Christian at all. He had to struggle still with the brilliant arguments that once seemed so unanswerable to Lanceford and himself. But he laid hold of the axe and hewed away at the tree of unbelief and worldly ambition till it fell flat, and on December 2, 1808, he recorded this, "Made a solemn dedication of myself to God."

This dedication was absolute, complete, and freely made. From that moment Adoniram Judson was God's man. All his ability, all his accomplishments, all his attractive personality, were held simply as subject to the orders of Jesus Christ, the Captain of his salvation.

III

ENLISTING FOR LIFE

THERE is a monument in a green nook among the Berkshire Hills, at Williamstown, Massachusetts, that has a peculiar carving on one side of it.

"What is it?" people sometimes ask; "it looks—it looks like a haystack."

It *is* a haystack. A haystack isn't a very artistic object, but it was carved on the monument because it was connected with the strange doings of some boys at Williams College.

Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Luther Rice, and the rest of them—they were all just college boys. They had the vitality of youth, they loved the games and pleasures of youth; and one of them, big Luther Rice, loved to sing the songs of youth. They had youthful ambitions too, but here was the strange thing—every one of these young fellows had got it into his head that the goal of his ambition ought to be "The World for Christ," through foreign missions, an idea that

was almost unheard of at that time. So they organized a little missionary society in 1806, and used to meet together at night in a grove, to sing and pray and talk; and they all agreed that they would be missionaries if they could find any possible way to go. One night in a terrific thunderstorm they were driven to seek shelter beside a haystack. So the inscription on the Haystack Monument tells the exact truth:

The Birthplace of American Foreign Missions.

Adoniram Judson was not one of the Williams College young men, but at Andover Theological Seminary he became connected with them, and had much to do with their splendid achievement.

The spark that set Judson aflame for foreign missions was a sermon—yes, actually, a sermon that he read. It was preached at Bristol, England, by Dr. Claudius Buchanan, chaplain to the East India Company. The title was, "The Star in the East," from the words of the Wise Men, "We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

The reading of this sermon produced a tremendous effect upon Judson. "Why," he said, "how

stupid, stupid I have been! Missions, why, the New Testament is all missions!"

He was so thrilled with the idea that for several days he could not attend to his studies. His visions now were all about himself as a missionary; he saw himself on some foreign strand, proclaiming the gospel, while the natives gathered around him in crowds, and accepted the truth by thousands. And that wasn't all; he made life a burden to his fellow students by going about to their rooms and declaiming about missions till they would fain say to him:

"Clear out, Judson, and give us a chance to study."

You would think that a fellow like this would be just the one to start out with a big rush, and then give up when he met hindrances and hardships. But this was the wonderful thing about Judson: he was a perfect Niagara of energy and enthusiasm, and no trial or suffering or defeat could stop him.

It was some time before he made his final decision, and, as usual, it was in a way peculiar to himself. He was walking alone in the woods behind the seminary, thinking and praying about devoting his life to missions, and feeling half

inclined to give it up. Suddenly the words of Jesus to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," came into his mind with such power that he decided once for all to be a missionary.

"Now I must tell the folks at home," Judson kept saying to himself as soon as the decision was made. But it wasn't so easy to do that. Adoniram Judson, the Plymouth minister, still had ambitious views for his son. He was still seeing visions, and there was not a single one of them in which he saw his talented boy preaching to a company of heathen.

So it was not until he was at home, during the winter vacation of 1810, that Adoniram told his plans to his own people, and even then he did not speak until he was almost compelled to do so. One evening his father threw out some hints of splendid prospects for the future, and his mother and Abby showed by their smiles and half-revealing remarks that they were in the secret. Adoniram became alarmed.

"What do you mean by 'splendid prospects,' father?" he asked; "tell me all about it, please; because—perhaps—they may not seem so to me; I may have other plans——"

THE PIONEER

"Oh, there will be no difference of opinion when you know what it is that is offered to you," said his father confidently. "Doctor Griffin has been talking with me about you, and he has proposed you as his colleague in the largest church in Boston."

"And you will be so near home," added his mother.

The son's heart seemed near bursting, and he could not answer either of them; his real purpose would be such a bitter disappointment to them. But when Abby joined in the conversation, and said how fine it would be for him to live in Boston, he turned to her and replied:

"No, sister; I shall never live in Boston. I have much farther than that to go."

It was a hard task, but steadily and earnestly he told them what he intended to do. His mother and sister shed many tears as they listened, but his father spoke hardly a word. Who knows but he had a new and nobler vision of greatness for his son?

So when those Haystack young men from Williams College came to Andover to the seminary, there was Adoniram Judson, like a locomotive, with steam at high-pressure, and leaking at the

safety-valve, ready to hitch on and pull with them. They met together to talk and pray about missions, and the tie of brotherhood that bound them together was this—a pledge that they would give themselves to foreign missions, and that the offering should be for life.

But how, how should they go? How could they put their pledge into actual practice? It is really amazing to see how wisely and steadily they worked forward with their scheme. Remember, there was not at that time a single society in the United States to which they could offer themselves as foreign missionaries. They themselves were going to be the chief cause of the organization of such a society, but they did not know it—not yet.

"But see here," they said as they talked it over, "England is ahead of America in this thing. There's William Carey, you know, over at Serampore, and there are missionary societies in England. Let's write over there and see if they will take us as their missionaries."

"Who will write the letter?"

"Oh, Judson, of course."

So Judson wrote, in April, 1810, and inquired whether the society would accept and send out

some "young, unmarried men, having received a liberal education, wishing to serve the Saviour in a heathen land, and indeed susceptible of a passion for missions."

But these persevering students did not rest quietly for a reply to this letter. They consulted their teachers and a number of prominent ministers, and made so strong an impression that the professors and ministers met for consultation on the matter at the house of Professor Stuart in Andover, on Monday, June 25, 1810. These wise and conservative men advised the students to submit their case to the General Association, a body representing all the Congregational churches, and which was to meet at Bradford the next day, June 26, 1810.

Accordingly the students prepared a letter, and on the second day of the meeting they presented it to the General Association. The heart of the letter is this:

"The undersigned beg leave to state that their minds have been long impressed with the duty and importance of personally attempting a mission to the heathen; that the impressions on their minds have induced a serious, and as they trust, a prayerful consideration of the subject in its

various attitudes, particularly in relation to the probable success and the difficulties attending such an attempt; and that, after examining all the information which they can obtain, they consider themselves as devoted to this work for life, whenever God, in his providence shall open the way. The undersigned, feeling their youth and inexperience, look up to their fathers in the church, and respectfully solicit their advice, direction, and prayers."

The "undersigned" were Adoniram Judson, Samuel Nott, Samuel J. Mills, and Samuel Newell. The names of Luther Rice and James Richards were originally signed to this petition, but had been stricken out "for fear of alarming the association with too large a number."

And to the everlasting praise of those "Fathers of the Church," be it recorded that they recognized in this petition the call of God to rise to a great achievement. The General Association, when they came to act upon the petition, voted:

THAT THERE BE INSTITUTED BY THIS GENERAL ASSOCIATION, A BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, FOR THE PURPOSE OF DEVISING WAYS AND MEANS, AND ADOPTING AND PROSECUTING MEASURES, FOR PROMOTING THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL IN HEATHEN LANDS.

"SWEET, MERRY ANN HASSELTINE"

Yes, print it in capital letters, for it was the biggest thing that had yet happened in the nineteenth century.

Other resolutions provided for the way in which the Board should be governed, and gave some good advice to the young men, urging them to be diligent in study, and "humbly to wait the openings and guidance of Providence in respect to their great and excellent design."

That was the origin of the missionary society now everywhere known as the "American Board," whose achievements have kept in step with the progress of God's kingdom through all its triumphs of the century.

It was just at this historic moment that Adoniram Judson fell in love; right there, at the association at Bradford, he lost his heart to sweet, merry, lovely, consecrated Ann Hasseltine. When the dinner-hour came, Judson was one of those assigned to the hospitable home of John Hasseltine for dinner. His daughter Ann waited on the table.

"I'll take a look," she thought, "at this young Judson, whose bold missionary projects are making such a stir."

She didn't know that Judson had already taken

a look at her, and had decided that she was the one girl for him.

"He keeps looking at his plate all the time," she thought, "as if he hadn't the courage to look up."

But at that very moment Adoniram, who was a bit of a poet among other things, was trying hard to compose some verses graceful enough to apply to Ann Hasseltine.

There is a tradition that John Hasseltine issued a warning that none of those students need think of taking his daughter to any outlandish country, but Judson went straight ahead, according to his custom, and the young couple were soon engaged. They were very much alike in disposition and experience. Like Judson, Ann had a brilliant mind. She was full of fun, and fond of society. "Where Ann is, no one can be gloomy or unhappy," said one of her schoolmates. She was born in Bradford, Massachusetts, December 22, 1789. When she was about sixteen she had a deep, transforming religious experience, and from that moment all her attractions, talents, and abilities were devoted to the service of God.

It was just like Judson that when he spoke to Ann of love, he also spoke of the trials she might

have to bear as a missionary's wife—never to see her people again, to suffer persecution, sickness, danger, even death.

And it was just like Ann to say that these things made no difference to her. She too heard the call of distant lands, and thus hand in hand they stood, pledged to each other, pledged to the service of God, waiting only for the door of service and sacrifice to open. They had enlisted for life.

IV

CAPTURED BY A PRIVATEER

"WE will send Mr. Judson to England," was the decision of the Prudential Committee of the new American Board.

What for?

Because the new Society felt its own weakness and lack of resources, and clung to the idea which had suggested itself to Judson's mind, that the American and English churches should cooperate in the support of missions. They had prepared an address to the public, and had appealed for contributions, but they did not know whether the churches could be depended upon to continue the support of the zealous young missionaries, if they should be sent abroad.

"You will sail for England in the ship 'Packet,'" these were Judson's instructions, "and on her arrival at her port of destination, you will proceed to London and deliver your letter of introduction to the secretary of the London Missionary Society. A principal object of your

attention will be to ascertain as distinctly as possible, whether any, and what, arrangements can be made for a concert of measures, in relation to missions, between the American Board and the London Missionary Society."

Judson embarked on the "Packet" January 11, 1811. There was war between France and England at that time. The "Packet" was an English ship, and on her way she was captured by a French privateer, "L'Invincible Napoleon." As the result of this capture, the young messenger had some experiences that tried his patience and endurance, and brought out some of the qualities that were afterward put to far more serious tests.

Judson was one of the most fastidious of men in regard to neatness and cleanliness of person. He had a perfect horror of dirt or filth of any kind. Immediately after the capture he was placed in the hold of the ship, with the rough sailors. He shrank from the associations of the place, and the confined air seemed unendurable. The weather roughened, and he became exceedingly seasick. The doctor visited him every day, but Judson could not speak French, so the doctor's visits were almost useless.

These were the first hardships that he had ever

endured. He was sick and discouraged. His thoughts went back to his dear old Plymouth home, to his beautiful Ann at Bradford, and then to—"the biggest church in Boston." Instantly he realized the feeling of regret that was creeping into his heart, and instantly he had a fight with that temptation, and throttled it. It seemed to him that God had permitted this capture and trouble as a trial of his faith, and he resolved to bear it, as he might be called upon to bear greater trials afterward. He fumbled about in the gray twilight of his prison till he found his Hebrew Bible, and amused himself with translating mentally from Hebrew to Latin.

One day the doctor found the Hebrew Bible on Judson's pillow.

"Hullo," he thought, "what sort of a chap is this? He can't talk French, but I'll give him a try in Latin."

So he spoke to Judson in Latin, and by the use of that language found out who he was, and got him out of the hold and into the upper cabin, and procured him a seat with the ship's passengers at the captain's table.

One day there was great excitement on board "L'Invincible Napoleon." A big ship appeared

in the distance and changed her course to pursue the privateer. Judson felt like shouting for joy. Now he would be recaptured, he thought, and sent on to England. But the privateer sailed away from her pursuer in the night, and Judson and the other prisoners were conveyed to Bayonne in France.

There he was marched through the streets in company with the crew of the "Packet." To say that he was mad clear through is to state the case very mildly. On board the privateer he had learned a little French, and as he marched along he expressed his views of the situation in a manner that was plain enough to be understood, but in such French that it gave infinite amusement to the people that lined the street. At length Judson bethought himself:

"They can't understand my French; but if I let loose in English, perhaps somebody will come along who will understand that." So he began to declaim in a most violent manner something like this:

"There is nothing in this world so inhuman, so despicable, so outrageous as man's oppression of his brother man! I call down vengeance upon it! I declare——!"

"*Taisez vous!* Shut up!" the guards commanded him with threatening gestures.

"I will not keep silence!" thundered Judson; "and, furthermore, I declare that the oppression which has seized upon me, an innocent passenger, a lover of peace, and compelled me to walk as a prisoner in the vile mud of these streets, is the most brutal, barbarous——"

Suddenly a gentleman stepped out of the throng; walked along by Judson's side, and addressed him quietly in English.

"If I were you, I would tone down that tremendous voice of yours a bit."

"With the greatest pleasure," Judson answered pleasantly, "if I have at last succeeded in making myself heard. I was only clamoring for a listener."

"You might have got one that you would have been glad to get rid of. But who are you in this strange situation?"

Judson explained as briefly as he could, naming himself an American, of course.

"Look here," said this new friend, "I'm an American myself from Philadelphia, and I'm going to see you out of this. But say, you better quiet down now."

"Oh, I'll be a perfect lamb," laughed Judson, "now that I have gained my object."

They put the prisoners into an underground apartment, damp, dark, and dismal. Straw was spread on the ground about the walls. The dainty Judson grew creepy over the idea that the straw was not fresh, and wondered who had last slept in it.

Outside, the weather had been oppressively hot, but down in the dark dungeon Judson shivered with the chilling dampness, and the confined air and moldy smell made him sick and giddy. He thought of throwing himself down upon the straw—no, he couldn't do that—there might be small, crawling creatures in the straw that he couldn't see. So he—took a long walk.

Up and down the cell he paced, he could not tell how long, but it seemed many hours to him. Of course he got to thinking again about Plymouth, and Ann, and "the biggest church in Boston." But the tempter hadn't a ghost of a chance this time. "How could I ever have been discouraged?" he said to himself; "why, this sort of thing is just what I must expect if I'm going to be a missionary. But I'm getting all tired out with this everlasting tramp. If I had a chair or

stool to sit upon, that is all I would ask. Let me look at that straw again. Maybe there's a spot a little cleaner than the rest, where I might lie down if my feet won't carry me any farther."

He leaned up against a pillar for a moment's rest. "That man from Philadelphia," he was thinking; "I wonder if he will find any way to help me."

At that moment the door of the dungeon opened, and some men entered. One of them was wrapped in a great military cloak, but Judson recognized him instantly. It was the man who had befriended him in the street.

Judson almost cried out for joy, but the man showed no signs of recognizing him, though he stood close by the lamp. So he leaned back again against the pillar, and tried to act indifferent.

The man was talking in French with the prison guards. Suddenly he said in English,

"Let me see if I know any of these poor fellows."

He took up the lamp, passed around the room, looking at the men.

"No," he said carelessly, as he put down the lamp; "no friend of mine here."

At the same moment he opened his big cloak and swung it around Judson, whose slender figure was almost lost in its ample folds.

Judson drew himself down as small as possible, to help on the scheme. "But it will never succeed," he thought; "they will see through it at once."

But his protector had still another cloak which prevented the guards from seeing Judson. He slid some money into the jailer's hands as they left the cell, and passed out some more at the gateway of the prison.

Once in the street of Bayonne, the rescuer threw off the cloak, and called out,

"Now run!"

Judson had thought he was so tired that he could hardly take another step as he paced the prison cell, but now he swiftly and easily followed his tall conductor through the streets to the wharf, and aboard an American merchant ship that was lying there. That answered as a refuge for the night, but the next day he was transferred to the attic of a kindly ship-builder, where he remained until his friend secured papers from the authorities by which he was released on parole.

Judson remained about six weeks in Bayonne

before he had an opportunity of going on to England. He boarded with an American woman who had spent most of her life in France. He told his landlady that he was a clergyman, and had long religious talks with her, but he said nothing about this to the others in the house. "I want people to show themselves as they are," he said, "so that I can learn as much as possible about the state of society in that country where Lanceford's brilliant infidelity came from."

He went around quietly with the others for a while, occasionally making shrewd remarks that surprised his companions. But one night they went into a place where a masked ball was going on, with all its evil associations. Judson simply couldn't keep his indignation and disgust to himself. That trumpet voice broke forth again:

"Hell itself," he shouted, "couldn't furnish more complete specimens of depravity than are in this room!"

His companions gasped in astonishment, but Judson was not to be stopped. Attracted by curiosity, the masqueraders gathered around him. Some thought it a part of the show, and laughed at his earnestness and gestures. It was evident that a good many understood him, though he

spoke in English, and suddenly changing his attitude he closed with a tender appeal to all to accept Christ—just the sort of sermons that he preached later in Burma. In fact, Judson always regarded his capture by a privateer as an important and necessary part of his preparation for his work as a missionary.

Without further unusual experiences he reached England, where he was very cordially received. Everybody was surprised at his youthful appearance, with his rather slight figure and round, rosy face. But it was his voice that waked up all who heard it. In one church in London he read a hymn during the service. The clergyman then introduced him as a young missionary, and added, "If his faith is proportioned to his voice, he will drive the devil from all India."

It is not necessary to say much about Judson's conference with the London Missionary Society. Under certain conditions they agreed to receive him and the other students as their missionaries, but they wisely decided that it would not be practicable for American and English societies to cooperate in their support. And there was no need of any such arrangement. When Judson returned to America, arriving in New York August 17,

1811, he found the American Board growing in strength and confidence, and ready to send out and support its own missionaries. On the eleventh of September the Board voted to appoint Judson, Nott, Newell, and Hall as its missionaries. Luther Rice was later added to this list.

Adoniram and Ann were now busy with their preparations for their journey. They were very happy, and at the same time very serious. They felt, rather than really knew, the dangers and privations which they were going to meet; but Judson's trumpet tones and Ann's merry laugh had no note of melancholy in them, and on the fifth of February, 1812, they were married.

V

A GREAT DAY AND A LONG VOYAGE

IF ever you visit Old Salem, Massachusetts—never mind the witches, they won't trouble anybody again—be sure to look up the reminders of three important features of American history.

First, see the places associated with Nathaniel Hawthorne, the famous author of "The Marble Faun," "The Scarlet Letter," and other writings that helped to make solid the foundations of American literature.

Next, visit the museum where the trophies of the old shipping days of Salem are shown. You'll have a hard time to get away from that place. Bold and successful men were the seamen of Salem, and they brought from every land, and from the islands of the sea strange weapons and countless other articles that could not be found anywhere in the world to-day. And while you are looking at the paintings and models of the Salem ships, remember that it was in such a ship that Judson and his young bride sailed away to

India. Then you will be ready to do the third thing:

Go to the Tabernacle Congregational Church and take a look at the "Deacons' Seat," or settee, where those five young men—Judson, Hall, Newell, Nott, and Rice sat during the services of their ordination, February 6, 1812.

Try to reproduce the scene in imagination as you stand there, because it was an occasion that thrilled the heart of every one who took part in it. Men there dared to step out into the great things that God had called them to do.

There was the American Board. They had only five hundred dollars in the treasury, with one thousand, two hundred dollars in sight. But they believed that money would be forthcoming, and they solemnly and joyfully proceeded to ordain five young men and send them forth as missionaries. And they had to do it at once. The *Salem Gazette* for January 31, 1812, contains an announcement of the services, when the five young men are to be "set apart by solemn ORDINATION as Christian missionaries to carry the Gospel of Salvation to the Heathen. The public exercises are to be holden at the Tabernacle in this town, and to commence at eleven o'clock, A. M.

A COLLECTION will be made on the occasion for the MISSION, which, to embrace a very unexpected opportunity for conveyance to India, is now fitting out with all possible despatch."

The confidence of the leaders in the support of the people was well-sustained. The atmosphere had become electric. The people of the churches had begun to be moved by an unseen power. A great crowd came together at Salem. The Tabernacle was packed. Throngs were peering down from the galleries. The aisles could be traced only by the ridges or seams made by people standing. Ministers and their parishioners had flocked in from all the surrounding country. Students from Phillips Academy, the Theological Seminary, and citizens of Andover had walked to Salem, sixteen miles.

The services began at eleven and continued until three, and the students and others, "without refreshment," attempted to return on foot to Andover. Among them was William Goodell, the hero of "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire." The day was exceedingly cold, and after the sun went down Goodell became exhausted and would have perished, but the students placed him between two of them, and bearing his whole weight

upon them, by taking turns, succeeded in carrying him along till Andover was reached, when a bed was spread for him upon the floor before the fire. But he felt amply repaid by the undying spirit of missions with which the scene filled him, and he wrote of the occasion afterward in a way that helps us to get an inspiring vision of its wonderful power. "In that great assembly there was a stillness like the stillness of God when he ariseth in silence to bless the world." At times the whole great assembly seemed moved as the trees of the wood are moved by a mighty wind. An irrepressible sighing and weeping rose at times over the silence of the House of Prayer.

One thing that made a deep impression was the appearance of the young men themselves. They were noble in bodily vigor, and splendid with the light of a magnificent purpose that shone in their faces. The people who beheld them felt the heroism of their consecration and cheerful facing of unknown dangers. "They were going at the Master's command, and we who remain must support them," was the feeling that ran from heart to heart, and from that very day the money for the support of missions began to pour in. During the very ordination ceremonies, it is related, the

door of the Tabernacle was opened by an unknown hand, and fifty dollars in coin were thrown in, marked "For Mr. Judson's personal use."

There were no photographs in those days, but there is a fine old engraving that reproduces in a remarkable way the spirit of the ordination scene. It represents the moment when the young men kneel, and five prominent ministers of New England lay their hands in consecration upon the heads of the five young missionaries. They were, from left to right, Morse, father of the inventor of the telegraph; Griffin, Spring, Wood, and Worcester. At that moment the solemn grandeur of the day rose to a climax that thrilled every heart, and among those who witnessed it and felt it all most deeply were two—young girls they would be called to-day, Ann Hasseltine Judson, the bride of a day, and Harriet Atwood, eighteen years old, who, three days later, was to become the bride of Samuel Newell.

But this scene of high spiritual exaltation must come to an end, and the last details of preparation must be swiftly attended to. The "unexpected opportunity for conveyance to India," which hastened the time of ordination at Salem, was the brig "Caravan," Captain Heard, which

was almost ready to sail. Those next six days were filled with activities, and there was the wedding of Samuel Newell and Harriet Atwood, and the bidding farewell to dear friends. And remember, to them it was realized and expected to be a farewell for life. In these days of swift travel, arrangements are made for all missionaries to have a furlough after a term of service, whose length depends somewhat on the field where they work. But in these first years such a thing was not thought of. Those who went forth said good-bye as friends who part forever.

The "Caravan," unlike modern steamships, could not sail on schedule time, regardless of wind or weather. Captain Heard had to wait several days for a fair wind. On the eighteenth of February the change came, and the captain sent a hurry message to the missionaries to come on board. The ship remained at anchor during the night, but on the morning of the "nineteenth of February, 1812," as an early writer described it, "there might have been seen passing out of the harbor of Salem a vessel bound for the sunny climes of India, with the richest boon that America had ever presented to that benighted land. Often had her Stars and Stripes waved at the

SAILING FROM SALEM ON THE "CARAVAN"

masthead of her richly freighted ships, laden with the wealth of the Eastern and Western worlds; but on board that brig, now scudding before the wind, with colors flying and sails all set, is a treasure far more valuable than the richest merchandise of America, the spices and the gold of India, or the silk and teas of China—*the first Company of American Missionaries to the benighted Idolaters of the East.*"

Now what do you think of Adoniram and Ann jumping rope on board the "Caravan"? It was a long, long voyage, with no exciting adventures; and yet it becomes intensely interesting because of the deep soul experiences and the lighter, brighter side of life, revealed in the diary and some of the letters of Ann Judson written during the voyage; and another fact makes it one of the most memorable voyages of all history.

Let us take a look at Ann's diary. Many people kept a diary in those days, and "wrote their feelings" in them in a way that seems somewhat insincere to us as we read them now, when the fashion is to suppress and conceal the deeper feelings of the heart; but we may be sure that Ann was sincere when she wrote on February eighteenth: "Took leave of my friends and native land

and embarked on board the brig 'Caravan' for India. Had so long anticipated the trying scene of parting that I found it more tolerable than I had feared. Still my heart bleeds. O America, my native land, must I leave thee? Must I leave my parents, my sisters and brother, my friends beloved, and all the scenes of my early youth? Must I leave thee, Bradford, my dear native town, where I spent the years of my childhood? Yes, I must leave you all, for a heathen land, an uncongenial clime. Farewell, happy scenes—but never, no, never to be forgotten."

Then, of course, the next entry is, "Seasick all day"; and in a letter written when they were getting down near to the equator she said: "The change of the weather, together with seasickness and the want of exercise, soon caused me to lose all relish for food. But I soon began to find that the real reason for my ill health was the want of exercise. For some time we could invent nothing which could give us exercise equal to what we were accustomed to. Jumping the rope was finally invented, and this we found to be of great use. I began and jumped it several times in the day, and found my health gradually returning, until I was perfectly well." A little touch like

this helps us to see that these early missionaries were not creatures apart from the ordinary life of humanity, but just like other folks—only with all their hopes and powers and purposes devoted to the kingdom of God and the rescue of men.

Now, about the other thing that happened—Judson became a Baptist! Almost the first thing that comes into our mind is, that if the *brig* "Caravan" had been a modern *steamship* "Caravan" this would not have been so likely to happen. But the voyage was long, and Judson was always trying to prepare himself for what he was going to meet. He expected to meet the Baptist missionaries at Serampore, Carey and Marshman, and perhaps to start his mission work somewhere near them.

"I must look into this matter," he would say to Ann as she shows us in some of her letters, "and be ready to maintain my position when I meet these Baptist brethren."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that," Ann would reply; "it will be all right."

But it was Judson's way to take trouble, and he soon began to say: "Ann, I'm not sure but those Baptists are right in regard to baptism, and we are wrong."

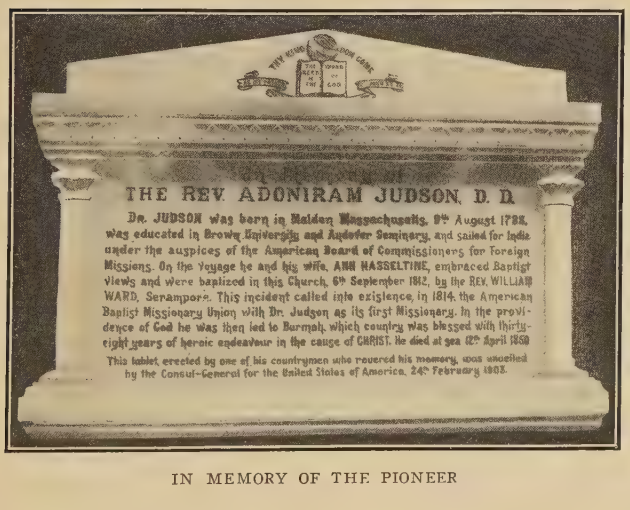
"Well," laughed Ann, "you may become a Baptist, but I won't."

So through the long voyage this matter was often discussed by them, and eventually they both decided to become Baptists. That is what makes the voyage so memorable. Not because two persons changed from one denomination to another; that has happened many times; but because the Judsons—and Luther Rice in just the same way on another ship—became Baptists just at that time. Why this was so we shall see in another chapter.

Down around the Cape of Good Hope they went—rough, rainy weather, and Ann writes about "the dangers of the deep." Then up, up, till they cross the equator again, and anchor in the Bay of Bengal, below Calcutta. As the ship is being piloted up the Hooghly, Ann writes of the green fields of grass and rice, and adds: "I suppose the natives that live on these shores, for many miles, have never seen a missionary. I should be happy to come and live among them, in one of their little houses." But she had "farther than that to go."

The Judsons and Newells arrived at Calcutta on the seventeenth of June. They were met by

WHERE THE PIONEER AND HIS WIFE WERE BAPTIZED


THE REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D. D.
Dr. JUDSON was born in Malden Massachusetts, 9th August 1788,
was educated in Brown University and Andover Seminary, and sailed for India
under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign
Missions. On the voyage he and his wife, ANN HASSELTINE, embraced Baptist
views and were baptized in this Church, 6th September 1812, by the REV. WILLIAM
WARD, Serampore. This incident called into existence, in 1814, the American
Baptist Missionary Union with Dr. Judson as its first Missionary. In the provi-
dence of God he was then led to Burmah, which country was blessed with thirty-
eight years of heroic endeavour in the cause of CHRIST. He died at sea 12th April 1850
This tablet erected by one of his countrymen who revered his memory, was unveiled
by the Consul-General for the United States of America, 24th February 1903.

IN MEMORY OF THE PIONEER

Doctor Carey and given a hearty welcome. He invited them to come to the missionary settlement at Serampore, and wait for the missionaries who had sailed from Philadelphia, and who did not arrive till the eighth of August.

It was a beautiful, quiet, friendly spot at Serampore, and there the Judsons and Luther Rice made their final decisions to be Baptists. The Judsons were baptized in Calcutta by the Rev. Mr. Ward, September 6, 1812, and Rice a few weeks later. The very church in which this took place is still in use, and Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, on a trip to the far East, a few years ago, caused a tablet to be placed in it in memory of the Judsons and Rice.

Judson at once wrote to the American Board of the change. It was another farewell forever, as it seemed to them. They feared their friends might misunderstand their motives; and they knew, of course, that they could no longer have the support of the American Board. But there was no thought of turning backward. Only a deeper, stronger, more resolute determination to

VI

THE TROUBLE BEGINS

THE fabled Magic Carpet is what we need for this chapter and the next, so that we could be lifted high above the earth and see how wonderfully events were working at the same time in India and America.

We cannot do that, so we will stay in India with the Judsons and see what courage and resolution it took for them to find a place to begin their work.

"We have no use for you over here."

That was the reception the new missionaries got from the East India Company, which was the real civil authority at Calcutta. "Missions will interfere with trade." "If these fanatics try to change the religion of India, it will bring on a terrible race war," declared the officials. They didn't give the missionaries credit for a single grain of common sense. "Every missionary will have to be backed by a gunboat," declared a speaker in the English House of Lords.

The missionaries had not been in India more than ten days before Judson and Newell were summoned to Calcutta, and an order of the government was read to them, requiring them to leave the country and return to America. They asked leave to settle in some other part of India, but this was refused. They then asked if they could go to the Isle of France. This island, now known as Mauritius, is in the Indian Ocean, about four hundred and eighty miles east of Madagascar, and it was one of the places which the missionaries had previously talked about for the beginning of their work.

Their request to go to Mauritius was granted. But the only ship sailing from Calcutta could take but two passengers. It was agreed that Mr. and Mrs. Newell should be the ones to go, and they embarked at once.

About two months later, in November, 1812, the Judsons and Luther Rice were again sternly ordered to appear at the Government House in Calcutta.

"You start yourselves for America at once"; this was the substance of what was said to them in no very polite terms. Furthermore, they were told that they must start in one of the Honorable

Company's vessels, bound for England. "We saw our names inserted in papers as passengers on a certain ship," wrote Mrs. Judson, "and now there appeared very little hope of escape."

Judson and Rice were practically made prisoners. An officer of the Company went home with them, and requested them not to leave it without permission. But this treatment only served as a signal to the missionaries to make things give way. They found that a ship, the "Creole," would soon sail for Mauritius. "We will find some way to join the Newells there," they declared.

First, they applied to the chief magistrate of the Company for a pass to sail on this ship. He refused to give it. Then they went to the captain of the ship and told their story. "Now," they asked, "will you take us without a pass?"

The captain did not make any direct answer; he smiled good-naturedly and said,

"There's my ship; you can do as you please about going aboard."

They needed no further permission. They were "pleased" to make all haste to embark on the "Creole." With the help of friends they got some coolies to carry their baggage, and at midnight they went down to the river. The dockyards

were closed. It was quite contrary to the regulations of the Company to open them. But some unknown friend did open them, and the wanderers passed on board.

The next morning the ship sailed, passing down the Hooghly River toward the Bay of Bengal. Out of the clutches of the Company at last! Into the free spaces of the deep!

Oh, no. The "Creole" had proceeded down the river for only two days when she was overtaken by a despatch from the government, forbidding the pilot to go any farther, as there were passengers on board who had been ordered to England.

"Then there will be officers after us," decided the Americans, "and if we stay on board we shall all be carried back to Calcutta."

"Yes," agreed the kind captain; "but Mrs. Judson needn't go. She will be perfectly safe even if an officer is sent to search the 'Creole.'"

So Judson and Rice took a boat and went ashore to a tavern about a mile from the ship. The next day the captain received a note from the owner of the vessel. "I have been to the police," he said, "and they told me that my ship was detained because it was suspected there were

persons on board whom the captain had been forbidden to receive. Is this true?"

Of course this tangled things up worse than ever. The pilot immediately wrote a certificate that there were "no such persons on board," and Mrs. Judson had to go ashore to make the certificate true. Mr. Rice went back to Calcutta to try again to get a pass to proceed on the "Creole," but he only succeeded in finding out that the owner of the vessel was highly offended—mad as a hatter, in plain American—because his ship was detained so long on their account.

The next morning the hop, skip, and jump journey began again. The captain sent word that he had permission to go on, but he couldn't take them; they must come and get their baggage. They thought it wasn't safe to remain at that tavern any longer, and to return to Calcutta was like putting their heads in the lion's mouth. They decided to go down the Hooghly about sixteen miles farther, to a place where there was another tavern. Ann Judson went on board to see about the baggage, and the captain said she might stay in the ship till they got down near the tavern. She had to go ashore to tell the men about this, and she was rowed back to the ship in a little boat

manned by six natives, and the river was very rough from a high wind. "I manifested some fear to them," said Mrs. Judson in telling these experiences, "and they would constantly repeat, '*Cutcha pho annah sahib,*' meaning, 'Never fear, madam, never fear.'"

Mrs. Judson was put ashore at the tavern some time before Mr. Judson arrived. She was alone, with only a few rupees in her pocket, not knowing whether she would get her property from the ship or when her husband would come. Like any other young wanderer, she thought of home, and said to herself: "These are some of the trials attendant on a missionary life, and which I have anticipated."

"Which I have anticipated." That was always the Judson attitude. Somewhat like Paul: "Not knowing what shall befall me, save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me."

Mr. Judson soon arrived, and they began once more to make efforts to escape on another ship, which the landlord said would be along in a day or two. But the captain of this ship utterly refused to take them.

They were just sitting down to supper, three days after arriving at this tavern, when a letter was handed to them. They hastily opened it, and to their great surprise and joy they found in it a pass to go aboard the "Creole," the very ship they had left. Who procured the pass for them they never knew. "We could only view the hand of God and wonder," Ann wrote in one of her letters to her father and mother; and then she goes on with the story:

"But we had every reason to expect the 'Creole' had got out to sea, as it was three days since we left her. There was a possibility, however, of her having anchored at Saugur, seventy miles from where we then were. We had let our baggage continue in the boat into which it was first taken, therefore it was all in readiness; and after dark we all three got into the same boat, and set out against the tide for Saugur. It was a most dreary night for me, but Mr. Judson slept the greater part of the night. The next day we had a favorable wind and, before night, reached Saugur, where were many ships at anchor, and among the rest we had the happiness to find the 'Creole.' She had been anchored there two days, waiting for some of the ship's crew. I never enjoyed a sweeter moment in my life than when I was sure we were in sight of the 'Creole.'"

Sailing away for Mauritius at last! Surely, now, they thought, they would be nearer the scene of their labors. The Isle of France, it was then, and the French language was spoken there, so they spent much of their time during the more than six weeks of their voyage in studying French. "I find nothing difficult about it," writes Ann, and a few years later she was able to speak fluently in a language much more difficult than French.

They arrived at Port Louis, on the Isle of France, January 17, 1813. The first moment of their arrival was dark with sorrow. "Oh, what news, what distressing news! Harriet is dead. Harriet, my dear friend; my earliest associate in the mission, is no more." Poor, lonely Ann; who can blame her for being so distressed by this loss! Indeed, the whole company was desolate over the death of Mrs. Newell, and Mr. Newell soon left Mauritius for Ceylon.

But Mauritius, no more than Calcutta, was to be the abiding-place of the wandering missionaries. "We have sometimes thought of staying on this island," wrote Ann, "as missionaries are really needed here, but we cannot feel justified in staying here, although Mr. Judson and Brother

Rice have preached every Sabbath to the English soldiers. We long to get to the place where we shall spend the remainder of our lives in instructing the heathen. I want one of you with me very much, as I am entirely alone." This was in a letter to her sisters, and that terrible "aloneness" comes out most pathetically in an entry in her diary: "No prospect of remaining long on this island. It seems as if there was no resting-place for me on earth. Oh, when will my wanderings terminate? When shall I find some little spot that I can call home while on this earth?"

All this time Judson and Rice were wrestling with the problem of their relations with the Christian people of America. Would the Baptists receive them and appoint them as Baptist missionaries? They didn't know. They had written and explained the situation fully, both to the American Board and to a few leading Baptists, and there they had to drop the subject. There was no cable nor "wireless" to tell them what great things were going on in America, at the very time when their prospects seemed the darkest. But after much discussion and prayer they decided that the best course to take would be for Luther Rice to return to the United States, meet the Baptists

face to face, and endeavor to awaken such interest that they would support their mission in the far East, and he sailed from Mauritius for this purpose on the fifteenth of March, 1813. Hold fast to the dates in this chapter. Many of them become very full of interest when compared with the events in the chapter following.

Now the zigzag line that marks the wanderings of the Judsons takes a sharp turn northward. They remained in Mauritius about four months. After long deliberation they decided that they would try to found their mission on the island of Pulo Penang, in the Straits of Malacca. It was a small island, lately purchased by the English; its small native population of Malays was rapidly being increased by immigration from other islands and countries.

As the first step toward carrying out this purpose, they sailed from Mauritius on May 7, 1813, and arrived at Madras on June fourth. They were kindly received by the English missionaries there, but now they were in the domain of the East India Company again. Their arrival was at once reported to the governor-general, and they knew they would soon be ordered to leave. The only ship going in the direction they desired

was bound for Rangoon, Burma. In the first days of his missionary enthusiasm Judson had thought of Burma; the Board had suggested Burma, but it had been given up as impossible. Here is the way Judson stated it: "A mission to Rangoon we had been accustomed to regard with feelings of horror. But it was now brought to a point. We must either venture there or be sent to Europe. All other paths were shut up."

Friends tried to hold them back, but they were resolved to go forward. June 22, 1813, they embarked on the "Georgiana" for Rangoon. It was a "crazy old vessel," as Judson described it; the captain was the only person on board who could speak English, and they had no other apartment than what was made by canvas. The passage was very rough, and it made Mrs. Judson so ill that her husband despaired of her life. They were in danger of shipwreck, and were driven between the Little and Great Andaman Islands, where savage cannibals dwelt. But here the sea was calm, which probably saved Mrs. Judson's life.

On July 13, 1813, they reached Rangoon. Mrs. Judson was so weak that she had to be carried ashore in an armchair, and even then she was

searched by a native woman at the custom-house. A home of some sort was waiting for them, a house belonging to a son of William Carey. Their long journey was ended; they were face to face with BURMA.

VII

A LETTER THAT SOUNDED THE REVEILLE

THE letter was written on the first day of September, 1812, by Adoniram Judson, at Calcutta, and was addressed to Rev. Dr. Thomas Baldwin, of Boston.

It was on a matter of deepest importance to Mr. Judson. The answer to it would make a great deal of difference to his future career, and to the mission which he intended to begin. But it was useless for him to be in a hurry. Things must move slowly, and all he could do about it was to wait for the answer, while he went straight ahead with his efforts to find a location for his mission.

The letter did not leave Calcutta until September nineteenth, packed away somewhere in the cargo of the ship "Tartar," bound for Boston. For four months it sailed and tossed on the sea, and on the nineteenth of January, 1813, the "Tartar" entered the icy harbor of Boston. That was just two days after the Judsons and Luther Rice

arrived at the island of Mauritius, on their weary journey to the destination then unknown to them.

Dr. Thomas Baldwin was at that time one of the most prominent Baptists in New England. He was about sixty years old, and had been pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Boston for more than twenty years. He was strong in body, clear in intellect, steady in all his purposes and methods. When the letter, which had come all the way from Calcutta, was delivered to him he was thrilled, filled with joy and enthusiasm, and went forth into the snowy streets of Boston to proclaim the news.

One of the first persons he met was Daniel Sharp, a younger Boston minister.

"Here's news for you!" exclaimed Doctor Baldwin; "one of those young missionaries who were ordained at Salem last year, Adoniram Judson, and his wife, became Baptists during the voyage to Calcutta."

Daniel Sharp could hardly credit such tidings.

"But it is true," declared Doctor Baldwin; "I have just received, by the 'Tartar,' a letter from Judson himself. It contains a copy of the letter which he wrote to the Baptist missionaries in India, telling them of his change of views; a copy

of his letter to the American Board—his heart is almost broken over the necessity of separating from them and his dear missionary brethren—but here, Sharp, here is the part of the letter that concerns you and me, and every other Baptist in America; listen:

"'SHOULD THERE BE FORMED A BAPTIST SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPORT OF A MISSION IN THESE PARTS, I SHALL BE READY TO CONSIDER MYSELF THEIR MISSIONARY.'"

"A society formed!" exclaimed Daniel Sharp. "Of course there will be! No time like the present; let's do it at once!"

"Not quite so fast, my enthusiastic young brother," smiled kindly Doctor Baldwin. "This thing is tremendous; we must plan for something beyond to-day. We must be sure that everything is courteous and friendly in our relations with the American Board. Then we must not confine this opportunity to Boston; we must give other places the chance to join with us in responding to this marvelous call of God."

Swiftly the news spread, and it was like a bugle-call to the Baptists. Not because Judson had changed his views; the excitement over that would soon have passed away. The reveille was in that

phrase, "Should there be formed a Baptist Society"—that is what made things begin to hum.

On January twenty-fifth, six days after the arrival of Judson's letter, a Union Missionary Concert, or Prayer for Missions, was started in Boston, and for many years this form of effort kept the love for mission work aglow in many churches.

Already there were a few missionary societies in the New England Baptist churches, and one of these was in Salem. This society had contributed to the work of the English missionaries in India; and Judson, when he wrote to Doctor Baldwin, wrote also to Dr. Lucius Bolles, pastor of the Salem Baptist Church, much the same as he had written to Doctor Baldwin. When the letter reached Salem the society had just held its annual meeting, but when the news was spread abroad, a public anniversary of the Salem Bible Translation and Foreign Missionary Society was held on January 31, 1813, with great enthusiasm, and avowed purpose of supporting Judson in his work.

Then came the formation of the Boston Missionary Society at the house of Doctor Baldwin, February eighth. They were not afraid of long names then, and they called it "The Baptist Society for Propagating the Gospel in India and the

other Foreign Parts." There was one article in the constitution of this society which showed that those who formed it had a vision of the grand results that were going to spring from those beginnings; it provided that if other societies were formed, the Boston society would unite with them in forming a general committee. There was the germ of a national organization.

Wider and wider spread the tidings. People everywhere talked, discussed, prayed, and rejoiced; and the money for missions began to come in. On March fourth the Salem society voted to send money for both Carey and Judson. A few days later, March fifteenth, Luther Rice sailed from Mauritius, on his journey to arouse interest in missions among the American Baptists. But before he sailed they had heard the bugle-call of Judson's letter, and were beginning to respond.

There were many remarkable coincidences in these days. On the seventh of May, 1813, the Judsons left Mauritius for Rangoon, without any knowledge of what would be done for them in America. But on May sixth, the day before they sailed, the Boston missionary society sent a letter to Judson stating that they had appointed him as their missionary.

That is the way the American Baptists began to respond to Judson's bugle-call. Daniel Sharp wrote to the secretary of the English missionary society: "We cannot bear that our brother Judson should be neglected or left to suffer. He looks to us for aid, and we stand ready to support him." And to Judson himself Sharp wrote: "Your letter excited peculiar emotions. We considered it as the voice of God calling us to the formation of a mission society." So that it may truly be said, as one writer has well expressed it: "The call was not a fog-horn in the night to awaken a slumbering people; it was a bugle at sunrise, to notify a people already awake, or awaking, of a wider and nobler opportunity, and to hearten them for entering it."

And now comes big Luther Rice to add his note to the bugle-call. He landed in New York September 7, 1813. He remained in New York over Sunday, and spoke in the Oliver Street Baptist Church. He was a speaker that compelled attention; he was tall and commanding in appearance; he had a brilliant mind, he was an eloquent and powerful orator, and he had a story to tell that everybody was eager to hear. Years afterward, Dr. William Hague, pastor of the church, spoke

of this occasion: "Never did the audience gather with more curious interest, combined with profound emotion, to listen to the narrative and appeal of Rev. Luther Rice, so soon returned from India, on the Sunday morning that followed his arrival in America."

The "whirlwind campaign" of a modern political candidate is no more rapid and exciting than the missionary campaign of Luther Rice. He hastened to Boston, where he arrived September 14, 1813. First he attended to what he referred to as "the adjustment of the sacred, endearing, and highly responsible relations which lately existed between myself and the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions." Then, in two weeks' time—without a steam-car or trolley, or automobile, remember—he had conferred with the leaders of the Boston society, visited many of the surrounding churches, spoken at many meetings, arranged a plan of campaign with the leaders, and on September twenty-ninth was off on his tour of speaking and organizing societies similar to the Boston society.

How did he go? In a "one-hoss shay" most of the way; at least we know that when he was in South Carolina the horse ran away, and the

chaise was smashed, and Rev. Mr. Leland, of Charleston, "set forward a paper" by which one hundred and sixty-six dollars was raised, "partly to make up his loss, and partly to assist in his excellent undertaking of evangelizing the heathen."

Almost everywhere he went, Rice's story aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Of course there were objectors to missions then, some very sincere and pious ones, as there are even unto this day. On October sixth he visited the Philadelphia Association, where he was "affectionately invited to a seat with us," and "affectionately requested" to tell his story. As he went on southward the affectionate welcome and enthusiasm seemed to increase. At Washington he preached before Congress, in Congress Hall, and the Hon. Judge Bingham "set forward a paper," and the "Hon. Members" contributed fifty-seven dollars.

Luther Rice had a "way with him" that won all hearts when he spoke. In his appeal for help he would sometimes imagine the angels present, and about to return to heaven, and then, addressing them in the air, he bade them stay until the contribution was made, that they might carry a gratifying report above. No wonder that his

report of contributions included "Of a Lady, Charleston, S. C., a pair of gloves," and "Of Captain Bestor, Washington, a pair of shoes," and he makes special mention of twenty-five cents "from two or three blacks, Sunbury, Georgia. These blacks were professors of religion. They had voluntarily rowed me several miles in a boat, when, instead of receiving compensation, which I offered them for their services, they, understanding something of the nature of my business, gave me their willing contribution. I thought of the widow's two mites, and the Saviour's approbation."

In Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Baltimore, Washington, New York, and other cities, missionary societies were formed and liberal contributions began to come in. But all this enthusiasm, organization, and liberality were simply steps on the way to the grand achievement to which Judson's reveille called the American Baptists. "Should there be formed A SOCIETY," he wrote. More and more, as the months went by, the leaders began to realize the meaning of this—there must be some way provided by which the whole denomination could act together, with one heart and one mind. What that plan should

be was eloquently set forth by Rev. William B. Johnson, of Georgia, in the address issued by the Savannah society, announcing a "proposed convention, in some central situation in the United States, for the purpose of organizing an efficient, practical plan, on which the energies of the whole Baptist denomination throughout America may be elicited, combined, and directed in one sacred effort for sending the word of life to idolatrous lands. What a sublime spectacle will this convention present!"

The central place decided upon was Philadelphia, and the date of the assembling of the Convention was May 18, 1814. There were at that time eighteen States in the American Union, and eleven of them, with the District of Columbia, were represented in the convention. Thirty-three men, in time of war, over poor roads, with no better mode of transportation than horse-power, came together to act for nearly two hundred thousand Baptists. They chose Doctor Furman, of Charleston, president, and Doctor Baldwin, of Boston, secretary.

For three days these men of faith, courage, and remarkable foresight discussed the various plans for organization. On the fourth day, Saturday,

May 21, 1814, as the old records have it, "the important question was put by the president in the following words: 'Shall this constitution be adopted, as the basis of union, and the rule of conduct to be observed by this convention and its board of commissioners?' The vote was unanimously passed in the affirmative by the rising of the members."

At that supreme moment, then, there were in the United States two national societies for foreign missions, just beginning their glorious and far-reaching work. And in Burma, facing the tremendous problems that towered before him, was the man who had a prominent share in the formation of the American Board, and whose far-sounding reveille was the call that led to the organization of "The General Missionary Convention of the Baptist Denomination of the United States of America for Foreign Missions" [1]—Judson, the Pioneer.

[1] The convention was generally known as the "Triennial Convention," as it met once in three years. In 1846 the Northern and Southern supporters divided, forming the American Baptist Missionary Union, and the Southern Baptist Convention. In 1910 the name of the Missionary Union was changed to The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

VIII

THE PIONEER FACING THE WILDERNESS

THE young bride and bridegroom from Massachusetts began their housekeeping in a teakwood bungalow, in a pleasant rural spot half a mile outside the walls of Rangoon, in what was then the kingdom of Burma. It was sufficiently large, and suited to the tropical climate, and connected with it were gardens enclosed, containing about two acres of ground and full of fruit trees of various kinds. There they might dwell as in the garden of God.

But when the pioneers stepped forth from this pleasant spot they found themselves facing the wilderness in every sense of the word. Burma is about four times the size of New England. It is divided north and south into three parallel valleys by the Irawadi, the Salwin, and the Sitang rivers, with the mountain ranges that guard them. Here are the rice-fields, made fertile by the annual overflow of the rivers. Northward comes the rolling country, with ranges of hills, and finally deep

forests, high mountains, and the magnificent defiles through which the rivers flow.

Crocodiles lurk in lazy length in the rivers; the jungles swarm with wild animals; the elephants are caught and tamed and used for riding, but the tiger, leopard, wildcat, and rhinoceros are always the enemies of man, as are also the many serpents, including the hated cobra, whose slightest nip is sure and speedy death. The pioneer's son, Dr. Edward Judson, of New York, says: "I remember how my father, at Moulmein, took his Burman spear, the only weapon he ever used, and went down into the poultry-yard and killed a cobra, whose track had first been discovered in the dust beneath the house. And one of the earliest of my childish memories is of seeing a wildcat that was caught alive in the belfry of the church at Moulmein." And these conditions remain to-day in many parts of Burma. Only a few years ago, one of our missionaries was riding alone at night in the jungle when his pony reared and snorted terribly, and plunging, pulled the rider to his knees upon the ground. When at last a lantern was brought it revealed the white pony covered with blood, and on both sides of his rump the deep marks of a huge tiger's

paws that measured five and one-half inches across.

As fierce as the wild animals of the jungle were the wild, but magnificent, rulers of Burma, whom the pioneers had to face. The capital of Burma at that time was the Golden City of Ava, where the king lived in royal state. Hardly a trace of that city remains to-day. The kingdom was divided into provinces, each one of which was ruled over by a viceroy or governor. The Burmese very appropriately called him the *Eater,* for he devoured his province for his own gain. A few months after they arrived at Rangoon, Ann Judson visited the wife of the viceroy in company with a French lady. "My object in visiting her," says Ann, "was, that if we should get into any difficulty with the Burmans, I could have access to her, when perhaps it would not be possible for Mr. Judson to have an audience with the viceroy."

Wise Ann Judson, as many later experiences revealed! And she goes on to give a very interesting account of the visit:

"We had to wait some time, but the inferior wives of the viceroy amused us by examining everything we had on, and trying on our gloves and bonnets. At last her highness made her

appearance, dressed richly in the Burman fashion, with a long silver pipe in her mouth, smoking. She received me very politely, took me by the hand, seated me upon a mat, and herself by me. One of the women brought her a bunch of flowers, of which she took several, and ornamented my cap. When the viceroy came in I really trembled, for I never before beheld such a savage-looking creature. His long robe and enormous spear not a little increased my dread. He spoke to me, however, very condescendingly, and asked if I would drink some rum or wine."

But the most trying, wearying feature of the wilderness which the pioneers had to face was the desert of Buddhism, that great system of religion which is not really idolatry, at least in its teachings, in spite of the millions of images and pagodas dedicated to its founder, Gautama. It is the religion that teaches the sternest morality—without any help from God; that describes the most terrible punishments for evil-doing—without any hope of the forgiveness of sin; the religion whose highest ideal of the future is *Nirvana,* or *Nigban,* "a flame that has been blown out," in reality the total destruction of existence.

Buddhism teaches that the soul may pass through countless forms of existence, it may be

THE SACRED SHWE DAGON PAGODA

in the bodies of the most loathsome beasts or reptiles, and that is one reason why, according to Buddhist teachings, taking the life of any living thing, even the killing of poisonous snakes, is held to be the worst of all sins. The priests, to avoid the possibility of destroying insect life, use a fine-meshed brass strainer to cleanse their drinking-water, not knowing that there are microbes too small for any strainer. One is in constant danger of eating or drinking or killing his great-grandfather, who may have been reborn in the form of a snake or a fish or a mosquito!

There is no country in the world where Buddhism dominates the people as it does in Burma, and the Judsons had been led to one of the very strongest centers of Buddhism in all the world. Rangoon itself, in 1813, has been described as "a big dirty village," instead of the fine city which it is to-day. But soon the young missionaries went a little distance from the city to the low hill on which was built, centuries ago, the most famous of all Buddhist shrines, the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. It was most sacred, because, according to the Buddhist legend, it was built upon personal relics of three Buddhas, a water scoop of Gaunagon, a robe of Kathapa, a staff of Kanthathon, and, most

precious of all, eight hairs from the head of Gautama.

When they had ascended a flight of steps a large gate opened, and as Ann afterward described it:

"A wild, fairy scene is abruptly presented to view. It resembles more the descriptions we sometimes have in novels, of enchanted castles, or ancient abbeys in ruins, than anything we ever met in real life. Here and there are large open buildings, containing huge images of Gautama, some in a sitting, some in a sleeping position. Before the images are erected small altars, on which offerings of fruit and flowers are laid. Large images of elephants, lions, angels, and demons assist in filling the picturesque scene. This is the season for the great feast of Gautama, observed all over the country, and I presume the multitude collected at this place is much greater than at any other, excepting Ava. The view from this pagoda presents one of the most beautiful landscapes in nature. The polished spires of the pagodas, glistening among the trees in the distance, appear like the steeples of meeting-houses in our American seaports. The hills and valleys, ponds and rivers, whose banks are covered with cattle and fields of rice, attract the eye, and cause the beholder to exclaim, "Was this delightful country made to be the residence of idolaters?" Scenes like these fire

the soul with an unconquerable desire to make an effort to rescue this people from destruction, and lead them to the Rock that is higher than they."

"Ann, what do you suppose the reason is that there are so many boys following the priests around the pagoda, and worshiping at the shrines?"

This is a question that Adoniram very likely asked as they walked about the pagoda, for the boys are always there, and it shows one of the reasons why it is so hard for Christianity to make any headway against Buddhism. Here it is:

Every Burman boy is initiated as a Buddhist priest.

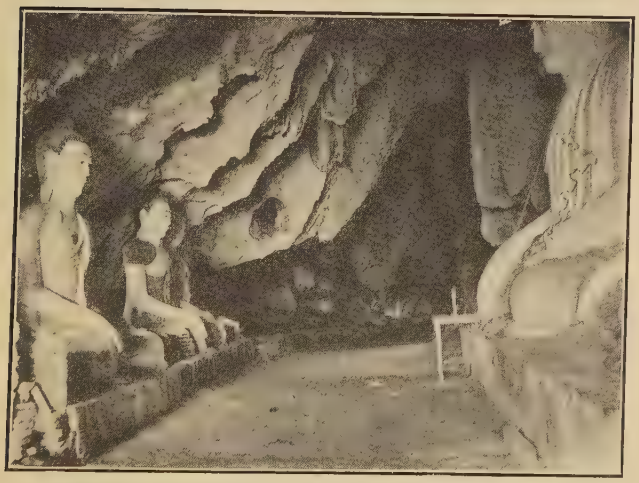
This initiation takes place when the boy is about twelve years old, and he has the "time of his life." The first part of it is a big festival. The boy's sisters dress themselves up in their finest silks and jewels and go around the town, announcing to all relatives, friends, and neighbors when the initiation will take place, and inviting them to the feast.

On the appointed day the boy dresses up in his finest clothes, and loads himself with all the family gold chains and jewelry, and more which is borrowed for the occasion. Then he takes his grand

farewell ride around the village, on a pony, in a richly decorated car, or on a gaily harnessed elephant. A band of music goes before; all his friends and relatives crowd around, decked in their gayest, the young men dancing and singing vigorously; the girls laughing and smiling, with powdered faces and brilliant dresses. Thus he goes to the houses of his relatives to bid them farewell, for this triumphant march is meant to imitate Gautama's last appearance as a prince, when he abandoned his family and kingdom to become a Buddha.

At last the procession comes back to the boy's home, where the priests are waiting to put him through the initiation. He throws off all his fine clothes and jewelry, and binds a piece of white cloth around his loins. Then his long hair is cut off close to his head. Often the locks are three or four feet long, and are carefully kept by mother or sister. Next, the young priest's head is closely shaved, washed with a decoction of the seeds and bark of the *kin-bohn* tree, and rubbed well with saffron, to make it yellow. Then he goes before the priests, and begs to be admitted to the Holy Order of the Yellow Robe. The priests put the yellow robes upon him, give him the

"EVERY BURMAN BOY IS INITIATED AS A PRIEST"



"STAND WITH MR. JUDSON IN ONE OF THE FAMOUS CAVES"

begging-pot, and he goes away with them to the monastery.

Of course only a few, comparatively, of these boys remain priests through life. Many of them return home after remaining a few days at the monastery, but the fact that every boy becomes a priest shows the hold that Buddhism had, and still has, upon the Burmans; and it also shows why our missionaries are so anxious to get the Burman boys into the mission schools when they are five or six years old, so as to forestall that heathen training.

Piling up "merit"—that was one feature of Buddhism that the pioneers had to face, and it was one of the hardest to overcome. Pagodas and images of Gautama rise like trees of the forest all over the land of Burma; new ones are constantly being added—all to secure "merit" in the next world. Buddhism is really founded on this system of merit, and when the Burman bows before the images, he is not exactly worshiping Gautama, but by repeating the formulas of the law, and bringing offerings, he is doing the only thing that a man can do to prevent terrible sufferings after death.

When a pioneer faces the wilderness he can see

trees, rocks, and mountains; but he knows that in the dark recesses of forest or cavern there lie hidden dangers which he cannot see. So when Judson faced the wilderness of Buddhism he soon found underneath and beyond the temples and images which he could see the most all-pervasive superstitions about nature. Every rock, river, mountain, tree—everything in earth, air, and sky had its unseen *nat,* or spirit; they were all in league against men, and everybody must be careful not to stir up their enmity.

Come and stand with Mr. Judson and Major Crawfurd in one of the famous caves near Moulmein if you would see these last two features startlingly illustrated. The entrance to this cave, as it is described by a friend who visited the Judsons at Moulmein, is at the bottom of the perpendicular but uneven face of a mountain. The whole face of the mountain is covered with images, to the height of eighty or ninety feet. Of these there are literally thousands, but all this is as nothing compared with the scene inside the cavern. It is of vast size, chiefly in one apartment, which needs no human art to make it sublime. And everywhere, on the floor, overhead, on the jutting points, and on the stalactite festoons of

the roof, are crowded images of Gautama, the offerings of successive ages. Some are of stupendous size; some not larger than one's finger; some new and gilded; some moldering with age.

These were the images. But listen! Here is something that is a symbol of the *nats*. In the dark recesses of the roof of the cave are innumerable bats. Throw up among them a broken piece of an idol, and the fluttering of their wings causes a pulsation of the air like the deepest base of a great organ. In the dusk of the evening they issue from the cave in a thick column, which extends unbroken for miles, the natives say. "And I can confirm it," Mr. Judson told his visitor; "for I have seen it when at the cave with Major Crawfurd and others." So spread the *nat* superstitions over all Burma.

As the pioneer faced this wilderness did his courage fail? No; it grew brighter and stronger. As he said, when standing before the splendid pagodas and extensive ruins of the ancient city of Pagan: "We looked back on the centuries of darkness that are past. We looked forward, and Christian hope would fain brighten the prospect. O shade of *Ah-rah-han,* weep over thy falling fanes! Thou smilest at my feeble voice; but a

voice mightier than mine will ere long sweep away every trace of thy dominion. The churches of Jesus will soon supplant these idolatrous monuments, and the chanting of the devotees of Buddha will die away before the Christian hymn of praise."

IX

THE PIONEER BLAZING THE WAY

FEARING that his own life might soon come to a close, he determined to blaze the trees through this hitherto untrodden wilderness of the Burmese language."

In these words Edward Judson exactly sets forth the real nature of his father's life and work. Adoniram Judson was a pioneer, and he tried to blaze the way through the wilderness before him so that he himself would not lose the path, and so that others who followed him might be helped in building a better and broader road.

Clear grit. That was another pioneer quality that he had—the resolution not to quit, until his duty was done, whether he could see great results or not. "I know not," he said, "that I shall live to see a single convert; but I feel that I would not leave my present situation to be a king. If a ship was lying in the river, ready to convey me to any part of the world, I would prefer dying to embarking." And when the churches in America

got discouraged because they did not hear at once that the mission had gained many converts, Judson wrote: "If they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope as has nothing but the WORD OF GOD to sustain it, beg of them, at least, not to prevent others from giving us bread; and if we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again."

That's the kind of man—simply bursting with enthusiasm, faith, and energy—who stood dumb in the midst of the millions he longed to speak to, and had to begin to blaze his way by buckling down to the task of learning a most difficult language. "Could you look into a large, open room, which we call a veranda," Ann wrote, "you would see Mr. Judson bent over his table, covered with Burman books, with his teacher at his side, a venerable-looking man in his sixtieth year, with a cloth wrapped around his middle, and a handkerchief round his head. They talk and chatter all day long with hardly any cessation."

But they chattered to some good purpose. In less than a year both Judson and his wife began to have a good command of the language. "I can talk and understand others better than Mr.

ငါမှ တပါး အခြားသော ဘုရားကို မကိုးကွယ်နှင့်။ အထက် မိုဃ်းကောင်းကင်၌ရှင်၊အောက်အရပ်မြေကြီးပေါ်၌ရှင်၊ မြေကြီးအောက် ရေထဲ၌ရှင် ရှိသောအရာနှင့်ပုံသဏ္ဌာန်တူအောင်၊ ရုပ်တုဆင်းတုကို ကိုယ်အရှိမလုပ်နှင့်၊ဦးမချ၊ ဝတ်မပြုနှင့်၊ အကြောင်းမူကား၊ သင်၏ဘုရားသခင်၊

PART OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IN BURMESE

အိ်ဉ်မိးကစ့ၢ် အဂုၤအဂၤ တဖဉ် လၢယမဲာ်ညါ တဂ့ၤ. တ့တၢ်ဂိၤ တၢ်ဖိဉ်လၢနုဂိၢ်တဂ့ၤ.တၢ်အိဉ်လၢမူဒိဉ်ထးမ့ၢ်ဂ့ၤ,တၢ်အိဉ်လၢဟိဉ် ဒိဉ်လာ်မ့ၢ်ဂ့ၤ, တၢ်အိဉ်လၢထံကျါ လၢဟိဉ်ဒိဉ်အဖိလာ်မ့ၢ်ဂ့ၤ,တ့အ ကွ့ၢ်အဂိၤလၢနုဂိၢ်နိတမံၤတဂ့ၤ. ဘါအိၤတဂ့ၤ. မၤအတၢ်တဂ့ၤ. ဘ

PART OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IN SGAW KAREN

ပေါ်ဂွင်ခၢ်အာင်မိးယူဟ္ဂၤခိုင်မိုင်ဘင်ဂွင်ဝုၵ်း၊ ဒှ်ခရေမထိုင် သိင်ထင်ဂွင် မိးတင်အာခ်ၢ် ရှင်သေဟုင်ယံသေဟံထုလ်တိခၢ်း ဒှ် မိုင်ထင်ဂွင်တေ် ဝိၵ်သေဟံထုလ်တိခၢ်။ ထိုင်ဒင်အာခ်ၢ်အလုင် ထင်ဂွင် လျိထုံဝ်ဴဟ္ဂၤခိုင် မိုင်ဘင်ဂွင်ဝုၵ်းခ်ၢ်ခေၢ်း၊ ဟ္ဂၤခိုင်လိၵ်း

PART OF THE LORD'S PRAYER IN SHAN

1 O, Htawhpilu ē, Yēsu gaw npawt kaw nna, dai, chyoi pra ai Wenyi hte shi lăta la ai kăsa ni hpe ga mătsun htet da nhtawm, ntsa de shălun la ai nhtoi du

THE FIRST VERSES OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES IN KACHIN

SOME OF THE LANGUAGES OF BURMA

Judson," said Ann, "because in my housekeeping duties I frequently have to talk Burman all day long."

The Burmans have many books and are great readers. Therefore one of the first things that Judson did was to prepare a tract which should clearly and simply set forth the main teachings of the Bible.

The story of this tract is very interesting. It was completed on July 30, 1816, and was called "A View of the Christian Religion." But how could this be printed? The answer came in two ways; first, a press with Burman type was presented to the mission by the English Baptist brethren at Serampore. And on October 15, 1816, came the first reenforcements to the mission. They were Rev. G. H. Hough and family; and Mr. Hough was a practical printer. He put the printing-press into operation at once, and struck off an edition of a thousand copies of "A View of the Christian Religion," and three thousand of a little catechism prepared by Mrs. Judson. Mr. Judson always had great faith in the influence of Christian literature. Quite a number of years later he wrote: "The press is the grand engine for Burma. Every pull of Brother Bennett (suc-

cessor to Hough) at the press sends another ray of light through the darkness of the empire." And indeed it was the little tracts that brought to the mission the first real inquirer after truth. It was on the seventh of March, 1817, that a Burman came in where Judson was sitting with his teacher, and astonished him by asking,

"How long time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?"

"How came you to know anything of Jesus? Have you ever been here before?"

"No; but I have seen two little books about Jesus."

"Who is Jesus?"

"'He is the Son of God, who, pitying creatures, came into this world, and suffered death in their stead,'" replied the Burman, in almost the very words of the tract. Judson handed him a tract and catechism, which he instantly recognized. "I cannot tell how I felt at that moment," Judson wrote that very day to the society in America. "This was the first acknowledgment of an eternal God that I had ever heard from a Burman." This man came several times, but never made an open confession of Christ.

From that day to this, those little tracts have

continued to blaze the way in Burma. Hundreds of thousands of them have been printed; new editions are constantly called for, and through them Adoniram and Ann Judson are still pointing out to Burmans the way of the Lord. The press still continues, and has become a really great establishment.

But above all, Judson wanted to blaze the way to the very heart of the Buddhist wilderness by the spoken word. "The press can never supplant the pulpit," he said. "When eye meets eye, when the truth is pressed home by the earnest voice of the speaker, it carries conviction, arouses the conscience, and kindles the affections."

So at first he did not try to reach great crowds. His preaching is described as a sort of "spiritual button-holing." A single person would enter into discussion with the missionary and others would draw near to witness the encounter. What courage and enthusiasm it took to attack the great mass of Buddhism in that way! Yet he could handle the language so well, and was so keen in argument, that he often drew exclamations of admiration from the bystanders.

But it was in its appeal to the heart that Judson's preaching was greatest. One missionary

told how it impressed him the first time he heard Mr. Judson preach: "Though I did not know the meaning of a single sentence he uttered, still my attention was never more closely riveted. It was his earnestness of manner. Every tone, every look, every gesture spoke out to tell us that the man was in earnest. And every hearer sat motionless, every eye was immovably fixed upon the preacher." Once, when he was speaking to a convert who was wavering, he said earnestly:

"Woman, think! Dare you deliberately leave this straight and narrow path, drawn by the Saviour's finger, and go away for one moment into that of the enemy? Will you? *will you?* WILL YOU?"

"I was sobbing so," said the woman, as she told the story, "that I could not speak a word; but he knew, as he always did, what I meant; for he knelt and prayed for me. And ever since that day, when I am tempted, I see the teacher as he looked that day, his finger pointing along the path of eternal life, his eye looking so strangely over his shoulder, and that terrible 'Will you?' coming from his lips as though it was the voice of God."

It is often said that Judson "waited" seven

years before the first Burman acknowledged his faith in Christ; but it is easy to see that his "waiting" consisted of the most intense activity and effort. The story of the first convert is linked closely with the story of the opening of the *zayat* in Rangoon.

A few months after the Judsons came to Rangoon they moved from the bungalow outside the walls, where they were exposed to the dangers of robbers and wild beasts, into the city proper. The mission house was their home, and the center of mission activity. There, in 1815, a little son, Roger Williams Judson, was born. "Our little comfort, our dear little Roger," his father called him. But he lived only seven months. "Since worship I have stolen away to a much loved spot," so Ann revealed her heart in one of her letters, "where I love to sit and pay the tribute of affection to my lost darling child." The spot was a little bamboo house in a mango grove, near the baby's grave.

Yet through all these joys and sorrows of home life and daily experience, there was a steady purpose to blaze the way farther into the Buddhist wilderness by establishing a place for the public worship of God. That was the underlying

reason why Mr. Judson started out on his journey to Chittagong, which brought such trying experiences both to him and to Mrs. Judson.

On May 20, 1817, Judson finished the translation of the Gospel of Matthew. That was the beginning of another stupendous task that he joyfully undertook, the translation of "the whole Bible for all Burma." But he had studied so closely for more than four years that his health broke down, and he needed a sea-voyage to restore it.

"I will take a voyage to Chittagong," he said. Chittagong was a province which had been ceded by the Burman kingdom to the English. A mission had been established there by the English Baptists, a few converts had been made, and then the mission was abandoned. "If I go there," thought Judson, "perhaps I can collect those scattered converts, and bring two or three of them to Rangoon. When we begin to have public worship I shall need a native helper."

So he embarked on a vessel bound for Chittagong, December 25, 1817, expecting to be absent from Rangoon only three months. But he was doomed to all sorts of disappointment. First, the course of the ship was changed, so that instead of

going up the coast of Burma, they sailed westward, across the Bay of Bengal, toward Madras, and Mr. Judson knew from that time that there was no hope of his ever reaching Chittagong.

That ship must have been a crazy old craft, for it became unmanageable, and instead of being a few weeks they were months at sea. Provisions and water ran short; Mr. Judson was attacked by a slow fever, and lay in his berth, begging continually for water! water! water! At last they reached, not Madras, but Masulipatam, and Mr. Judson managed to pencil a note to "any English resident," begging only for a place on shore to die. But the response was more than kind. Soon a sailor came below and said,

"Sir, a boat is coming from the shore."

Judson crawled to the window of his cabin and saw in the swiftly moving boat both the red coat of the military and the white jacket of the civilian. In the thrill of joyful surprise and awakening hope, he threw himself upon his knees and wept. "Those English faces looked to me like angels," he said in telling the story long afterward. One of the officers took him to his own house, supplied his wardrobe, and procured a nurse.

Under this generous treatment Mr. Judson rapidly gained his health. He could not reach Madras by sea, so he hired a palanquin and bearers, and made the journey, about three hundred miles, by land. At Madras he at length found a ship bound for Rangoon, and anchored at the mouth of the Rangoon River August 2, 1818.

When the pilot came on board he brought news that told another story of peril and heroism. About the time when Mrs. Judson expected that her husband would return, a vessel arrived at Rangoon from Chittagong with the tidings that neither Mr. Judson nor the ship had been heard of at that port. And as if that was not enough to distress her, trouble began between the Burman Government and the little mission. Mr. Hough received a message in the most threatening language, to "appear at the court-house and give an account of himself."

All the natives about the mission were frightened almost to death. They knew very well what might be hidden under such an order, and some of them heard the officers say that all the foreign teachers were going to be banished. Mr. Hough was required to give security for his appearance the next day, and was grimly told:

" If you do not tell all the truth with regard to your situation in this country, we will write it with your heart's blood."

They kept Mr. Hough at the court-house for several days, asking him all sorts of foolish questions, such as the names of his father and mother, and how many suits of clothes he had. He could not speak Burmese well enough to appeal to the viceroy, and so the heartless officials thought they could impose upon him all they pleased. What they really wanted was money.

But they reckoned without heroic Ann Judson—" Esther " Judson she became for this crisis. The old viceroy and his wife, who had always been the steady friends of the Judsons, had been recalled to Ava. There was a new viceroy at Rangoon, and his chief wife, the vicereine, had not arrived.

Now it was not customary for women to appear at the court of the viceroy in the absence of the vicereine, but Ann Judson resolved in her heart: " I will go unto the viceroy, even if it is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish."

So, with the help of Mr. Judson's Burman teacher, she drew up a petition and carried it

herself to the viceroy. He was graciously pleased to receive her. With her matchless womanly tact, speaking the Burmese language almost like a native, she conciliated the viceroy. He granted her request, and immediately commanded that Mr. Hough should be molested no more.

Boom! Boom! Cannon to ward off the dreaded cholera began to be fired in the city, every one began beating his house with clubs and other instruments of uproar, and yet the death-gong sounded all day long through the streets of Rangoon. Rumors of war with England came. One by one the English ships weighed anchor and slipped out of the harbor till only one was left.

With all these dangers surrounding the mission, Mr. Hough wished to take the printing outfit, and all the remaining mission family, and leave for Bengal on this last ship. He endeavored to persuade Mrs. Judson to agree to this plan. It seemed for a time as if it were the only thing to do. Mr. Judson, she was convinced, had been lost at sea. "Sometimes," she wrote to a friend in those dark days, "I feel inclined to remain here, alone, and hazard the consequences. I should certainly conclude on this step, if any probability existed of Mr. Judson's return." But

at length she was persuaded to go. Her passage was paid, her baggage was on board, and she embarked with Mr. Hough and his family.

Now see how little incidents become the hinges on which important events turn. When the ship was ready to put out to sea, it was found that she was badly loaded, and that there must be a delay in order to shift cargo.

Then the intrepid soul of Ann Judson arose in its strength, and "Deborah" Judson, the Mother in Israel, went forth from that ship, went back into cholera-stricken, distressed Rangoon, went back to dwell alone, except for her Burman servants, in the great mission house, to take charge of that mission till her husband should return, or till the Lord should reveal to her the path to take. Her little household gathered around her with cries of joy, and she spread above them the wings of protection, and committed them all into the hand of God.

Then the sun broke through the dark clouds brightly. In a very short time Mr. Judson returned from his fruitless journey. There was a happy reunion at the mission house, and its heroine was very glad to stop being "Esther" and "Deborah," and become just Ann once more.

At this time too, reenforcements came. On September 19, 1818, Mr. and Mrs. Colman, and Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock arrived at Rangoon and joined the mission.

Therefore, though he had failed to get the native helper that he needed, Mr. Judson went right forward with the building of a chapel, or *zayat,* as it was called, for public worship. It was situated about thirty or forty rods from the mission house, and had three divisions. The first was open to the street, where Mr. Judson could sit all day long and call out to the passers-by, in that stentorian voice of his, "Ho, every one that thirsteth!" The middle division was a large, airy room, suitable for public worship, and the third was a small room where Mrs. Judson met with the women.

In this *zayat,* on April 4, 1819, the first public service of our Burman mission was held. It is a date to be remembered, for other reasons also. It was the first time that Mr. Judson had ventured to preach to a Burman audience—he didn't call his street talks and conversations preaching, and he had now been in Rangoon for nearly six years.

It was very soon afterward that the first

BURMAN BOYS WORSHIPING BEFORE THE PAGODA

convert turned from Buddhism to the living God. His name was Moung Nau, and he is first mentioned in Judson's journal on May first. "He was with me for several hours yesterday, but from his silence and reserve excited little attention or hope. To-day, however, I begin to think better of him."

Oh, how the heart of the sower of the seed rejoiced as he saw this first blade of grain on good ground grow and thrive! "It seems almost too much to believe," he wrote on May fifth, "that God has begun to manifest his grace to the Burmans; but this day I could not resist the delightful conviction that this is really the case. PRAISE AND GLORY BE TO HIS NAME FOREVERMORE, Amen."

Then came two Sabbath days of that summer of 1819 which brought joy to the heart of the pioneer. One was the twenty-seventh of June. After the regular service at the *zayat,* Moung Nau proclaimed his new faith, and prayer was offered. "We, then," Judson wrote, "proceeded to a large pond in the vicinity, the bank of which is graced with an enormous image of Gautama, and there administered baptism to the first Burman convert. Oh, may it prove the beginning of a series of baptisms in the Burman Empire which

shall continue in uninterrupted succession to the end of time!"

The next Sunday, July fourth, the pioneer "had the pleasure of sitting down to the table, for the first time, with a Burman convert, and it was my privilege—to which I have been looking forward with desire for many years—to administer the Lord's Supper in two languages."

No wonder Judson hastened to send the account to the homeland; and when at last it came, the faithful ones were glad, and went from house to house repeating the joyful tidings, "There's been a convert! There's been a convert in Burma!"

X

ENTERING THE GOLDEN CITY

SOON after the baptism of Moung Nau two other converts came forward, and on November 10, 1819, Judson joyfully wrote: "This evening is to be marked as the date of the first Burman prayer-meeting that was ever held. None present but myself and the three converts. Two of them made a little beginning—such as must be expected from the first essay of converted heathens."

Many other Burmans were inquiring into the new religion, among them a teacher, who brought some of his followers to the *zayat*. This was displeasing to the viceroy of Rangoon, and he gave the order,

"Inquire further."

These words sound harmless enough, but they instantly scattered the group of inquirers. They knew that "inquire further" might mean loss of property, imprisonment, being trampled by elephants—any form of torture. Its effect was felt at

once by the missionaries themselves. When they rode out one morning to a tank where they were accustomed to take a bath, they were met by an official and forbidden to ride that way again, on pain of being beaten. The new converts proved their genuineness by standing firm, but hope of future success in Rangoon was over for the present.

What did the pioneer do in this emergency? "He determined to beard the lion in his lair." That is, he resolved to go to Ava, the Golden City, the capital of Burma, and lay the whole matter at the Golden Feet; to try to get permission from the emperor himself to teach the Christian religion in Burma. If he succeeded, no viceroy could molest him; if he failed, conditions would be no worse.

Mr. Judson applied to the viceroy for a pass to "go up to the Golden Feet, and lift our eyes to the Golden Face." It was granted in very polite terms, and on December 21, 1819, Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman, one of the new missionaries, who had considerable knowledge of medicine, started up the Irawadi in a boat six feet wide and forty feet long, with a crew of sixteen, and the trusty Moung Nau as steward, and an

Englishman, who had charge of the guns and blunderbusses, to ward off the river pirates. With some knowledge of the elaborate system of Burman graft, they took fine pieces of cloth and other valuable articles as presents to officials, and for the emperor a Bible, bound in gold, in six volumes, and each volume enclosed in a rich wrapper.

About the twenty-fifth of January, 1820, they arrived near Ava, four hundred miles above Rangoon. By means of presents to public ministers and other officers, they had managed to get word of their arrival to the emperor, and he was pleased to say,

"Let them be introduced."

So they went to the royal palace. At the outer gate they were detained a long time. When they were allowed to enter, they deposited a present for the private minister of state, and were ushered into his apartments in the palace yard. They showed him the books and petition which they had brought, told him they were teachers of religion, and desired to present the books and petition to the emperor. He began to talk with them about their religion, when suddenly a voice announced,

"The Golden Foot will advance."

That meant the emperor's reception would soon be over. The minister sprang up, began to put on his robes of state, and exclaimed,

"How can you propagate religion in this empire? But come along!"

The hearts of the missionaries sank at these words. But they followed the minister into a spacious hall, with a lofty dome, supported by many pillars, the whole covered with gold, and presenting a most imposing spectacle.

The emperor entered the hall with the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch. Every head except those of the missionaries was bent upon the ground. When he drew near the kneeling Judson and Colman he stopped, partly turned toward them, and spoke,

"Who are these?"

"The teachers, great king," replied Judson.

"What, you speak Burman!—are you the priests I heard of last night?" "Are you teachers of religion?" "Are you married?" "Why do you dress so?" the emperor went on questioning them.

When he appeared to be pleased, the petition was read and the prime minister crawled forward and presented it to him. He read it carefully.

Then came the critical moment, when the tract on "A View of the Christian Religion" was handed the emperor. "O God, have mercy on Burma! Have mercy on her king!" Judson prayed in his heart.

But the time was not yet come.

The emperor took the tract, without saying a word, and read the sentences: "There is one Being who exists eternally; who is exempt from sickness, old age, and death; who was, is, and will be, without beginning and without end. Besides this, the true God, there is no other God." Then, with an air of indifference, a sneer of disdain, he cast the tract to the ground.

That was enough. The purpose of the missionaries was defeated, and they knew it. "His majesty has no use for your sacred books; take them away," announced the prime minister, and they were hurried out of the palace a good deal more swiftly than they came into it.

Nothing was left for them now but to return to Rangoon, and even that was no easy matter. They had to have a passport, and now that the king had not received them favorably, everybody felt free to treat them harshly. It took a good many "handsome presents" to secure the

passport, but at last it came. "Sent the people with a quantity of silver. This did the business. Late in the evening I had the pleasure of taking into my hand the pointed palm-leaf," Judson wrote in his journal, February 5, 1820, and the next day, "Pushed off the beach. I could moralize half an hour on the apt resemblance between the state of our feelings and the sandy, barren surface of this miserable beach. But 'tis idle all. Let the beach and our sorrow go together. Something better will turn up to-morrow."

Thus they returned to Rangoon in utter failure, and Judson had it in his mind to transfer the mission to Chittagong, where he could preach to Burmans under the protection of the British flag.

Then was revealed the power of the gospel of Christ to make heroes out of heathen. When Judson gathered the little company of converts and inquirers together, and pictured the sufferings Burmans would have to endure if he continued to teach them after his failure at Ava, they all besought him to stay on. "We will suffer persecution, and even death," they declared, "rather than give up Christ. Stay with us, beloved teacher, till a little church is gathered, and

then if you must go, we will not say nay. This religion will spread. The emperor cannot stop it."

So the heroism of the disciples prevailed to keep the teacher in Rangoon. It was thought best for Mr. Colman to go to Chittagong, and again Mr. and Mrs. Judson were left alone at the mission. But when the shadow of persecution was darkest and nearest, seven Burmans, one after another, were converted and baptized, among them Mah Men La, the first woman convert, and Moung Shwa Gnong, a learned skeptic, who declared that the thing which convinced him most of all of the divine origin of Christianity was the genuine affection which the converts showed one to another.

But in the midst of this prosperity Mr. and Mrs. Judson were obliged to leave Rangoon on account of the serious illness of Mrs. Judson. They embarked for Calcutta July 19, 1820. The sense of absolute devotion which Judson had for his work is revealed in the explanation—almost an apology—which he sent to the society: "I felt that the strictest devotedness to the mission did not forbid my leaving the station for a time, in order to facilitate the recovery of one who had been my faithful coadjutor in missionary priva-

tion and toil for many years." Unlimited love for the mission and for his dear wife are hidden under the big words which were then so commonly used by educated people.

Three months they spent in Serampore, near Calcutta, resting, gaining in health and strength, and enjoying companionship of the English missionaries there and of the affectionate family of Mr. Hough, the missionary printer. Then they returned to Rangoon, welcomed joyously by the little band of native Christians, assembled on the wharf to meet them, and eagerly entered into their missionary work once more.

In his dealings with men from day to day, Adoniram Judson was a good deal like the Master whom he so devotedly followed—very tender with the genuine seeker, but a bit sharp with the scribes and Pharisees. There came to him one day one Moung Long, a very wily skeptic, scarcely believing in his own existence. At first he was all humility and respect, but soon he put in his sophistry: "You say that in the beginning God created a man and a woman. I do not understand (begging your lordship's pardon) what a man is, and why he is called a man."

That was a good deal like starting the works

of a machine-gun. "My eyes were opened in an instant to his real character; and I had the happiness to be enabled, for about twenty minutes, to lay blow after blow upon his skeptical head, with such effect that he kept falling and falling; and though he made several desperate attempts to get up, he found himself at last prostrate on the ground, unable to stir."

In the summer of 1821, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were both taken ill again, and Mrs. Judson's case became so serious that there was no chance of her recovery in Burma. Her only hope was to go to America, and she left Rangoon August 21, 1821.

The only reason why Mr. Judson did not go to America with his wife was—he was a pioneer. To-day the missionary would be granted a furlough, with some one to take his place. But there was no one to take Judson's place. Ann wrote about this separation: "Duty to God, to ourselves, to the Board of Missions, and to the perishing Burmans, compelled us to this course of procedure, though agonizing *to all the natural feelings* of our hearts."

For four months after Mrs. Judson left, Mr. Judson was alone—and lonesome, as his letters

show—at Rangoon. But he kept steadily at work, and on December 13, 1821, Dr. Jonathan Price, a medical missionary, joined the mission.

This was the beginning of great changes. The emperor heard of Doctor Price's skill as a physician, especially in performing operations for cataract, and the doctor was invited—indeed, summoned—to appear at the royal court at Ava.

"Here is our chance," said Judson, undismayed by his former experiences at Ava. "I'll try again, and perhaps we may even be permitted to start a mission in the royal city."

This time his patience and courage were rewarded. Judson and Price were received with royal favor, and princes and princesses and persons of rank inquired of Judson about the new religion; and finally the emperor gave him a piece of land, and told him he could build a house there; which he did before returning to Rangoon.

Thus the way was opened for establishing a mission at Ava, and Judson thought that he ought to enter the open door, not knowing the house of sorrow into which it would lead him. Indeed, Judson always looked upon afflictions as a part of the day's work, especially of a pioneer.

All he waited for now was Ann's return. She

TRAVELING ON ELEPHANTS

HOW SOME PRESENT-DAY MISSIONARIES TRAVEL

arrived at Rangoon December 5, 1823, and with her were two new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Wade. Eight days later, December 13, 1823, the Judsons set out for Ava, leaving the little Christian band at Rangoon, now increased to eighteen members, to be cared for by the new missionaries and Mr. Hough.

At first the prospects looked favorable. They had been invited to live in the royal city by the king himself; Doctor Price had won golden opinions by his medical skill; they had a cosy dwelling-house; Mr. Judson was preaching, while Mrs. Judson started a little school for girls. Soon after their arrival they were invited to a magnificent festival, when the king entered the Golden City in glorious estate, to take possession of a splendid new palace. All the viceroys and other high officials were assembled, dressed in their robes of state. The white elephant, richly adorned with gold and jewels, was one of the most beautiful objects in the procession. All the riches and glory of the empire were on this day exhibited to view; multitudes of horses, hordes of elephants of immense size, and vehicles of all descriptions. The king and queen alone were unadorned, dressed in the simple garb of the coun-

try. Hand in hand they entered the garden where the guests were seated, and where the royal banquet was prepared.

Into these happy scenes, on May 23, 1824, came the startling news that Rangoon had been taken by the British. England and Burma were at war!

XI

WITH SPOTTED FACE AND TIGER CAT

WHY had the English army come to Rangoon?

This was the answer, as the Burman Government decided: The Englishmen living in Ava were spies, and they had induced their countrymen to invade Burma. The three prominent Englishmen in Ava, Gouger, Laird, and Rogers, were put in confinement, and the Americans, Judson and Price, were summoned to a court of examination. The accounts of Mr. Gouger showed that he had paid considerable sums of money to the missionaries. This was simply the cashing of orders for the support of the mission, but the Burmans considered it sufficient evidence that Judson and Price were in the pay of the British, and therefore spies, and the command went forth from the king,

"Arrest the two teachers!"

The little home of the Judsons was in a delightful situation, on the bank of the Irawadi, away

from the dust of the city. Just as the happy family were preparing for dinner on the eighth of June, 1824, there was a sudden commotion on the veranda, and in rushed a dozen Burmans. Their leader held a black book in his hand, and with them was a Man with a Spotted Face, which marked him as the executioner at the prison.

"Where is the teacher?" demanded the leader.

Mr. Judson stepped forward.

"You are called by the king," said the officer.

This was the signal to the Man with the Spotted Face. He instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small, hard cord, one of the most cruel instruments of torture ever invented. It was fastened around the two arms above the elbows, and could be drawn so tight as to stop the breath.

Spotted Face began to tighten this cord around his victim, when Ann Judson caught his arm:

"Stay, stay!" she pleaded with him, "and I will give you money."

"Take her too; she also is a foreigner," commanded the leader.

"No, no," begged Mr. Judson, "you have no orders to take her."

A great crowd had now gathered around the

house, a fine opportunity for Spotted Face to display his skill. With a kind of hellish joy he drew tight the cords and bound Mr. Judson fast. Mrs. Judson begged and entreated Spotted Face to take the silver and loosen the cord, but in vain. She gave the money to Moung Ing, the convert who stood by her through all the afflictions of this terrible time, and he followed when Mr. Judson was dragged away, to see if he could induce Spotted Face to lighten the torture. But the wretches only threw their prisoner to the ground again, and drew the cords so close that he could hardly breathe.

Thus Mr. Judson was hurried away to the death-prison at Ava, and with him as fellow prisoners were Doctor Price, the three English gentlemen, Gouger, Laird, and Rogers, and some others, besides the scores of Burman prisoners of all ranks and classes.

The prison had a name, *let-ma-yoon,* derived from the revolting scenes of cruelty that were practised in it. Its meaning is, "Hand, shrink not." It was a ramshackle building about forty feet long, in a stockaded enclosure. The security of the prisoners depended not on the walls of the building, but on fetters and stocks. Three pairs

of fetters were placed on Mr. Judson s ankles and legs, and the scars they made he wore to his dying day. In each pair of fetters the two iron rings were connected by a chain so short that the heel of one foot could hardly be advanced to the toe of the other. They were fastened on by the head jailer, "The Tiger Cat," the prisoners called him, who seemed to be possessed by a very demon of cruelty. He made an amusement of his worst cruelties, bringing down his hammer with a jest when fastening fetters, putting his hated arms affectionately around the prisoners, and calling them his beloved children, to get a better opportunity to prick or pinch them, and studying torture as the most comical of arts. He was the most hideous of creatures, branded in his breast *loo-that;* that is, "murderer"!

When night came on, the Tiger Cat, or Father of the Prison, devised a new means of torture. A bamboo pole was thrust through the fetters of Judson and of his fellow prisoners, seven in all, and a man at each end hoisted up the pole by blocks till the shoulders of the prisoners rested on the ground, while their feet hung in the iron rings of the fetters, so that they were in excruciating pain all night long. In the morning

the " Father " came along, and with his customary grin lowered the bamboo to within a foot of the floor.

Besides these physical sufferings, there was the daily mental torture which the prisoners suffered from the uncertainty of their fate. All sorts of reports were whispered through the prison in regard to the English and American prisoners; that they were to be thrown into a lion's cage; that they were to be burned; that they were to be buried alive at the head of the Burman army to insure its victory over the English. Every afternoon, at three o'clock, they faced the possibility of being led away to execution. " As that hour approached," as Mr. Gouger afterward described those days, " we noticed that the talking and jesting in the prison gradually died away. It seemed as though even breathing were suspended under the control of a panic terror, until that fatal hour was announced by the deep tones of a powerful gong in the palace yard. We did not long remain in ignorance of the cause. If any of the prisoners were to suffer death that day, the hour of three was the time when they were taken out for execution. The wicket opened, and the hideous figure of Spotted Face appeared, who, without uttering

a word, walked straight to his victim, and led him away."

Added to all this was the horrible filthiness of the prison. Mr. Judson was painfully sensitive to anything gross or uncleanly. "It amounted almost to folly," said one of his fellow prisoners, "and made his life a constant martyrdom."

And yet amid all these sufferings, surrounded by loathsome conditions against which every fiber of his soul and body revolted, the pioneer refused to accept the idea of failure. "Think what the consequences of this English invasion must be," he said to one of his fellow captives. "Here have I been ten years preaching the gospel to timid listeners who wished to embrace the truth, but dared not; beseeching the emperor to grant liberty of conscience to his people, but without success; and now, when all human means seemed at an end, God opens the way by leading a Christian nation to subdue the country. It is possible that my life may be spared; if so, with what ardor and gratitude shall I pursue my work; and if not, his will be done; the door will be opened for others who will do the work better."

Outside the horrible *let-ma-yoon* the prisoners had one friend who never for one moment ceased

to strive for the relief of their sufferings. The story of their captivity is also the story of the splendid, unfading heroism of Ann Judson.

When the faithful Moung Ing returned to report that his beloved teacher was cast into prison, it was near nightfall. Ann Judson went to her room, and kneeling there she committed her case to God, and sought for courage and strength to suffer what awaited her. Into these petitions broke a rough voice of command from the veranda, calling:

"Come out! Come out here, and submit to my examination!"

It was the magistrate of the place. Mrs. Judson knew that she would have to go, but before she went she destroyed all her letters, journals, and writings of every kind, for they would show that the missionaries had correspondents in England, and had kept a diary of everything that had happened since their arrival in Burma.

After closely questioning her, the magistrate ordered the gates of the compound to be shut, and left a guard of ten ruffians to see that she did not escape. Ann took her four little Burman girls, retired to an inner room, and barred the doors. The guards instantly shouted:

"Unbar the doors and come out, or we will break the house down!"

This Mrs. Judson obstinately refused to do. Then the guard tried a new refinement of cruelty to bring her to terms. They took her two Bengalee servants and began to torture them. She could not endure this, so she called the head man to the window, and promised to make them all a present in the morning if they would release the servants, and after much debate they consented.

The next morning she sent Moung Ing to see if he could find out how it fared with her husband, and to give him food if he was still living. He returned to tell the story of the death-prison and the fetters.

"The point of my anguish now was," Mrs. Judson wrote afterward, "that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no efforts for the release of the missionaries."

But she did make efforts, in spite of her anguish, in spite of the fact that she was a prisoner. She begged and entreated the magistrate to let her go to some member of the government to state her case.

"I dare not let you go," he said, "for fear you will escape."

Then she wrote a note to the queen's sister, who had been very friendly, asking her to help secure the release of the teachers. The note was returned with the message, "I do not understand it." In reality the princess would have been glad to help, but feared the queen.

On the third day Ann sent a note to the governor of the city, who had the direction of the prison affairs, asking to be allowed to visit him with a present.

That had the desired effect. The governor received her pleasantly, and heard her story. He told her that he could not release the missionaries from prison or from irons, but that he could make their situation more comfortable. "There is my head officer," he said; "you must consult with him about the means."

Ann looked at the man. "His countenance," she described him, "presented the most perfect assemblage of all the evil passions of human nature." This fine specimen of manliness took Mrs. Judson aside, and endeavored to convince her that she herself, as well as the prisoners, was entirely at his disposal; that their future comfort must depend on her liberality in regard to presents; and that these must be made in a private

way, and unknown to any officer of the government.

She wasted no time in indignant protest, but went straight to the point:

"What must I do to obtain a mitigation of the present sufferings of the two teachers?"

"Pay to me two hundred ticals (about $100), two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs."

This was about what Mrs. Judson expected, and she had some money with her.

"Here are two hundred ticals," she said, "but the other articles are not in my possession."

The prince of grafters hesitated for some time; but fearing to lose so much money, he concluded to take it, and promised to relieve the teachers from their most painful situation.

Then she returned to the governor and secured a pass to enter the prison. She never had the heart to describe that first meeting with her husband in prison; but Mr. Gouger, one of the English prisoners told about it. "At the moment of their interview outside the wicket door, I had to hobble to the spot to receive my daily bundle of provisions, and the heartrending scene which I there beheld was one which it is impossi-

ble to forget. Poor Judson was fastidiously neat in person and apparel, but two nights of restless torture of body and anxiety of mind had imparted to his countenance a haggard and deathlike expression, while it would be hardly decent to advert in more than general terms to his begrimed and impure exterior. No wonder his wife, shocked at the change, hid her face in her hands, overwhelmed with grief."

Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison and tried to talk with his wife about arrangements for his release. But the iron-hearted jailers could not endure to see them enjoy so great consolation, and they ordered Mrs. Judson to leave.

"But see," she protested, "here is the order from the governor for my admittance."

"Depart," they harshly repeated, "or we will pull you out!"

But that same evening the missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who also paid two hundred ticals, were taken out of the common prison and confined in an open shed in the prison enclosure. Mrs. Judson was allowed to send them food and mats to sleep on, but was not permitted to enter again for several days.

Next, Ann tried to get a petition presented to

the queen. But no person in disgrace with the king could enter the palace, so she tried to get it presented through the help of the wife of the queen's brother. She took with her, of course, a present of considerable value. She found the lady lolling on the carpet, with her attendants around her.

Careful, careful, Ann Judson; remember that your husband is in prison, and you are in distress; you must be very humble, and prepared for a cold reception. But the intrepid woman waited not to receive the usual question to a suppliant, "What do you want?" but in a bold, earnest, yet respectful manner stated her distress and asked for the lady's assistance.

She partly raised her head, opened the present, and coolly replied:

"Your case is not singular; all foreigners are treated alike."

"But it is singular," Ann protested; "we are Americans; we have nothing to do with war or politics, and came to Ava at the king's command."

"But what can I do—I am not the king?"

"You can state the case to the queen, and thus obtain their release." Then Ann went straight for the woman's heart. "Put yourself in my

place; if you were alone in America, your husband in prison, in irons, what would you do?"

Then said the princess, "I will present your petition; come again to-morrow."

But the next day Mrs. Judson had enough to do to prepare for another trial. She was politely informed, "The officers will visit your house to-morrow." That meant confiscation of everything valuable, and she spent the time in secreting as many little articles as possible, together with considerable silver money. She knew that if it was discovered she might be imprisoned, but she knew of no other way to procure money if the war should be prolonged.

Three officials came, with forty or fifty followers. They were very considerate; only the officers and one secretary entered the house. "Very painful to us, you know, but it is the king's order. Where are your silver, gold, and jewels?"

"I have no gold and jewels; but here is the key to the trunk which contains the silver. This money was sent to build a mission house and for our support while teaching the religion of Christ, is it suitable for you to take it?"

"H'm, we will state the case to the king. But is this all the silver you have?"

Now Ann Judson could suffer all things, but she could not tell a lie. "The house is in your possession," she replied; "search for yourselves."

But they did not find it, and they also left untouched some clothing, a work-table and a rocking-chair, "presents from my beloved brother," Ann calls them. The officers who took the property reported to the king, "Judson is a true teacher; we found nothing at his house but what belongs to priests."

When this trying scene was over, Mrs. Judson hastened to the queen's brother's wife to find what had been the fate of her petition. All her hopes were dashed to the ground. "I stated your case to the queen," the lady coolly said, "and her majesty replied, '*The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are.*'"

Heavy-hearted, she started homeward. On her way she attempted to visit the prison, but was harshly refused admittance. Then she attempted to communicate by writing, but it was soon discovered, and the messenger beaten and put in the stocks.

For months Mrs. Judson was harassed by the insatiable desire of the officials to enrich themselves through the misfortune of the missionaries.

"How much did you give the governor and prison officers to release the teachers from the inner prison?" the confiscation officers asked her.

She honestly told them, and they demanded it from the governor. He went into a dreadful rage, and threatened to put all the prisoners back into the inner prison. Mrs. Judson went to him the next morning, and he broke out at her:

"You are very bad; why did you tell the royal treasurer you had given me so much money?"

"The treasurer inquired; what could I say?"

"Say that you had given nothing, and I would have made the teachers comfortable."

"But I cannot tell a falsehood. If you had stood by me with your knife raised I could not have said what you suggest."

Thus the months went on, with continual extortions and oppressions. For seven months hardly a day passed that Mrs. Judson did not visit some member of government or of the royal family, and she made a number of friends who were ready to assist her with food and in other ways, but no one dared to speak a word in favor of the release of the prisoners while there were such continual reports of the success of the English army. At one time there was a leader named

Bandoola in great favor at Ava, and with fear and trembling Ann approached him with a petition. He responded obligingly, and bade her come again. She ran to the prison with this good news; but the next day Bandoola replied, by his wife, that when he had retaken Rangoon and expelled the English he would release the prisoners. So again their hopes were dashed.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Judson had been permitted to make a little bamboo room in the prison enclosure, where Mr. Judson could be much by himself, and where she was sometimes allowed to spend two or three hours with him. Every day she brought or sent him food; once she even managed to make something from buffalo meat and plantain that might be called a mince pie, and sent it by smiling Moung Ing. But Judson was so overcome by this reminiscence of an old-time New England Thanksgiving that he could only bury his face in his hands and weep, and he gave the pie to a fellow prisoner.

In the latter part of these months of trials, January 26, 1825, a baby girl, Maria Elizabeth, was born to the Judsons, and for several weeks Mrs. Judson was unable to visit the prison. When the little Maria was about two months old,

Mr. Judson sent word one morning that he and all the other white prisoners were thrust back into the inner prison, in five pairs of fetters each; that his mat, pillow, and other belongings had been taken by the jailers.

Ann went immediately to the governor's house. He was not at home, but had ordered his wife to tell her not to ask to have the fetters taken off nor to have the prisoners released, for *it could not be done.* She went to the prison, but was forbidden to enter. She was determined to see the governor, and returned to his house that same evening, a familiar figure now in Ava, and one that always commanded attention and respect. Long ago she had adopted the Burmese style of dress, as the governor's wife had told her it would make the people more friendly, and had presented her costume to her. Her dark curls were carefully straightened, a fragrant cocoa-blossom drooping like a white plume from the knot upon the crown; her saffron vest thrown open to display the folds of crimson beneath; and a rich silken skirt wrapped closely around her fine figure, sloping back upon the floor. So she appeared to comfort her husband at the prison; so she stood again before the governor of Ava.

"Your lordship has hitherto treated us with the kindness of a father," she said; "our obligations to you are very great. What crime has Mr. Judson committed to deserve such additional punishment?"

As the old man looked at the beautiful petitioner, pleading for one that she loved better than life itself, his heart was melted, and he wept like a child.

"*Tsa-yah-ga-du,*" he began, a name by which he always called her, "you must believe me when I say that I do not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. I will now tell you that three times I have received intimations to assassinate all the white prisoners privately; but I would not do it. And I repeat it, though I execute all the others, I will never execute your husband. But I cannot release him from confinement, you must not ask it."

The condition of the prisoners was now worse than ever, shut out from every breath of fresh air. Once a whisper passed through the prison that at three in the morning the foreigners would be led away to execution. As the fatal hour drew nigh, they waited with deep solemnity, and prayed together, Mr. Judson's voice for all of them.

And still they waited in awful expectancy. The hour passed—they felt that it must have passed, though they had no means of telling the exact time. And so hoping, doubting, fearing, they waited on till the morning dawned and the Tiger Cat came in, kicking the bamboo till the chains rattled, and the five rows of fetters dashed together and sharply pinched the flesh, while he mocked and chucked them under the chin in cruel jest.

Then Mr. Judson was taken with a fever. He surely could not live long in that filthy place, and Mrs. Judson besought the governor again and again, until at last he gave her an official order to take her husband from the inner prison, and to visit him when she chose.

But where should she put him?

Just before this there had been a strange addition to the number of the prisoners. It was a magnificent lion, formerly a great favorite of the king. But as the war progressed, it was whispered that the English bore a lion on their standard, and that the king's lion was the mysterious cause of the Burman defeats. So the noble beast was put into the prison enclosure, confined in a bamboo cage, ironed and barricaded. The queen's

brother gave secret directions that the lion should not be fed. Day after day the prisoners were compelled to watch the sufferings of the powerful beast, until at last starvation conquered.

When Mrs. Judson came to minister to her husband's sufferings he told her of this empty lion cage, and begged her to take him there. The Tiger Cat would not hear of such luxury; but the governor would, when *Tsa-yah-ga-du* pleaded, and in the lion's cage she tended him and brought him medicine and food.[1]

One morning, May 2, 1825, when she was with her husband, the governor sent for her in great haste. But for once the old man seemed at a loss for something to say, "I—I only wanted to consult you about my watch," he stammered, and seemed anxious to detain her in conversation.

It was simply a ruse to hold her there while a terrible scene was going on at the prison. When she left to go to her room one of the servants came running, with a ghastly countenance, declaring that all the white prisoners were carried away from Ava.

[1] In the office of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, in Boston, is a gavel for the use of the president of the society. Its handle is made of a piece of this lion's cage.

XII

ANN JUDSON'S REVENGE

AT first Mrs. Judson could not believe that the prisoners had been taken away. She hurried back to the governor, and he admitted that the report was true, but he had not the heart to tell her.

But where had they been taken?

"To the little river," said an old woman; "I saw them go."

"To the place of execution," said another.

But no trace could be found, and *Tsa-yah-ga-du* went back to the governor once more.

"They have been taken to Amarapura," he told her, "but for what purpose I know not." And he added in a friendly warning:

"Take care of yourself."

That day Mrs. Judson sank down almost in despair—but not quite. Toward night she came to the determination to set off the next morning for Amarapura. She took two or three trunks of the most valuable articles to the governor's house.

and left her own home in charge of the faithful Moung Ing and a Bengali servant.

The next morning she secured a pass from the government, and taking the little Maria, then only three months old, two of the Burman children, and her Bengali cook, she started for Amarapura. The day was dreadfully hot, but she obtained a covered boat for the few miles that she had to travel by river, which took her within two miles of the government house. Then she had to take an old-style Burman cart, one of those instruments of torture whose wheels are simply round thick planks, through which an axle is thrust to support the cart body. There were no springs.

At Amarapura she found that the prisoners had been sent on to a little village four miles away. The cartman refused to go farther, and after waiting an hour in the broiling sun she procured another, and set off for what she called "that never-to-be-forgotten place, Aungbinle." Arriving there, she was conducted to an old, tumble-down prison, and under a low projection outside sat the foreigners, chained together, two and two, almost dead with sufferings and fatigue.

"Oh, why have you come?" her husband

greeted her; "I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here."

It was now dark, and the only shelter Mrs. Judson could find was a small room half-full of grain in the house of one of the jailers, and in that filthy place she spent the six months of wretchedness that followed.

The next morning Mr. Judson told her how the prisoners had been brought from Ava on that awful trail to Aungbinle. The jailers rushed in, seized him, stripped him of most of his clothing, tore off his chains, tied a rope around his waist, and dragged him to the court-house. The other prisoners were already there. They were roped two by two, and delivered to an officer, who went before on horseback, while his slaves drove the prisoners. The heat was terrific. In a short time Mr. Judson's feet became blistered, and when they crossed a little river, nothing but the consciousness of the sin of such an act kept him from throwing himself into the water to end his misery.

Moreover, he was so weak from the fever that he could hardly walk. He begged the officer to let him ride, but a scornful look was the only reply. Captain Laird supported Mr. Judson for a time, and then Mr. Gouger's Bengali servant came up.

He took off his long head cloth, tore it in two, and gave half of it to his master and half to Mr. Judson, who instantly wrapped it around his bleeding feet. The rest of the way to Amarapura the Bengali almost carried Mr. Judson, and so no doubt saved his life. One of the prisoners died after reaching Amarapura. There they spent the night in an old shed, and the next day were brought in carts to Aungbinle. At Aungbinle the feet of the prisoners were made fast in the stocks, which were so arranged that they could be raised or lowered by means of a crank outside. And all through the night the stocks were raised and lowered to torture the prisoners, which was the jailer's idea of fun.

One serious problem at Aungbinle was the problem of food. There was no market there, and they suffered often from want of provisions, though not from want of money. For Mrs. Judson had secreted about her person all the money she could command in the world, and notwithstanding the extortions of the jailers it lasted till they were released from Aungbinle.

The next brief portion of the story of the pioneers is almost too harrowing to relate. But they endured such things, looking unto Jesus, the

CHAPEL ON THE SITE OF THE AUNGBINLE PRISON

THE JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH AT MANDALAY

author and the finisher of their faith, and they must be told that we may honor them who counted not life dear unto themselves that they might testify the gospel of the grace of God.

Mr. Judson's health was gradually restored, and he was much more comfortably situated at Aungbinle than he had been at Ava; but what he suffered in anguish of heart can never be told. For it was now that the bodily sufferings of Mrs. Judson were the most dreadful. On the morning after her arrival at Aungbinle one of the little Burman girls was taken ill with the smallpox, and soon the other Burman girl, and Mrs. Judson and the little Maria were all sick with the same disease, though Mrs. Judson had it but lightly. Yet she had the care of the other sick ones, and because the jailer's children, whom she inoculated, had the smallpox so lightly, her fame spread through the village, and every child who had not previously had the disease was brought to her for inoculation.

All the children made a good recovery, but Mrs. Judson's watchings, fatigue, miserable food and lodgings, brought on a Burman disease that is almost always fatal to foreigners. She became so weak that she could scarcely walk to Mr. Judson's

prison, and in this feeble condition she set out for Ava in a cart, to procure medicines and suitable food. At Ava she was so desperately ill that her only desire was to get back to Aungbinle and die near the prison where her beloved was held in chains. When she returned her strength was exhausted, and so changed and emaciated was her appearance that the Bengali cook who came out to help her into the house burst into tears at the sight of her. "Mr. Judson and I must both have died," she said, "had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of this cook. He would provide and cook Mr. Judson's food and carry it to the prison, and then return and take care of me. He never complained, never asked for his wages, and never for a moment hesitated to go anywhere, or to perform any act that was required."

But the most terrible thing of those terrible days was the suffering of the baby Maria. Mrs. Judson in her illness could not nurse her—and not a drop of milk was to be had in the village. Her cries in the night were heartrending. By making presents to the jailers, Mrs. Judson obtained leave for her husband to come out of prison. And he took the young child in his arms, and went about the village and besought the moth-

ers with little children to nurse his starving child. Blessings on those Burman mothers who fed the white baby at their breasts!

At length the time came for release from the dreary scenes at Aungbinle. The official who had been the means of having the prisoners removed to Aungbinle, for the diabolical purpose of seeing them put to death there, was himself executed for high treason, and his death caused great rejoicing in Ava.

It was on November 5, 1825, that the official order arrived for the release of Mr. Judson from prison. With a joyful heart Mrs. Judson began to prepare for their departure, when the avaricious jailers, unwilling to lose their prey, set up a claim that as Mrs. Judson's name was not in the order, she was their prisoner and could not go! Mr. Judson was then taken out of prison and brought to the jailer's house, where, by promises and threats he obtained their consent to let his wife go, on condition that the provisions lately received from Ava should be left with them.

Mr. Judson, however, was not really set free when he was released from prison. The Burman Government had a use for him. Mrs. Judson returned to Ava by boat, but Mr. Judson was con-

ducted there under guard, and two days after his release he was sent to Maloun, where the Burman army was encamped, to act as an interpreter. But the boat he was taken in was so small, and the heat so great, that when he arrived at Maloun he was so ill that he was almost helpless. Still, he was summoned to appear before the Burman general, and when they found him too weak to move, the messengers brought papers to his floorless hovel on the bank of the river, and insisted that he should translate them.

There were days when he lay unconscious, and when life and strength returned, as they did so many times almost miraculously in his experiences, he could see that the military leaders were in mortal terror of the advancing British. One of the hardest of his tasks was to convince the Burman leaders that the English commanders were men of honor, and could be depended on to live up to any agreements they might make, for at that time the Burmans had no idea of the principles of honor that actuate civilized nations. "The teacher dreams," they said to him.

He remained at Maloun about six weeks, and then, on account of the English advance from Prome, was hurried back to Ava. It was late at

night when he arrived, and he was taken through the streets directly past his own door. A feeble light glimmered within. He entreated permission to enter but for five minutes; he threatened, he bribed, he appealed to the humanity of his guards, but they declared they dared not disobey their orders to take him directly to the court-house, where he crouched down in an outbuilding for the night. Here, toward evening of the next day, Moung Ing found him, but the good man was strangely embarrassed and hesitating in answering inquiries about Mrs. Judson. He sent Moung Ing to the friendly governor for aid, and the next day that kind old man became his security with the government, and set him free.

He hastened along the street as fast as he could with his maimed ankles. After the fetters were taken off it was a long time before he could walk naturally; the five fetters weighed fourteen pounds. When he reached his beloved home the door stood invitingly open, and he entered unseen. There sat a fat half-naked Burman woman in the ashes beside a pan of coals, holding on her knees a wan baby, so begrimed with dirt that it did not seem possible to the father that it could be his little Maria.

He hurried to the next room, and there lay Mrs. Judson, her face ghastly pale, her features sharp, her whole form shrunk and emaciated. She had been sick for weeks with spotted fever. She was taken ill soon after Mr. Judson was sent to the Burman camp. The fever raged incessantly till she lost her reason. At this dreadful time Doctor Price was released from prison, and he obtained permission to come and care for her.

This was a very sad home-coming for Mr. Judson, but, ill as she was, Mrs. Judson was already on the road to recovery, and as soon as she was able to be moved, the governor of the North Gate received them into his house.

Meanwhile the English army was advancing nearer and nearer to Ava. The city was thrown into the greatest alarm. Mr. Judson and Doctor Price were called daily to the palace and consulted. The government wanted them to go to Sir Archibald Campbell, the British commander, and try to secure peace on easier terms than the hundred lacs [1] of rupees, and finally Doctor Price went down the river with a British officer who had been taken prisoner, to confer with Sir Archibald.

They returned with the report that there could

[1] A lac is a hundred thousand rupees, $33,333.

BURMAN OFFICERS AND ATTENDANTS

be no change in the terms, except that the hundred lacs could be paid in four instalments, and twenty-five lacs must be paid at once.

Still the Burmans pursued a dilatory course, till the English were within a few days' march of Ava, and at last they were convinced that when Sir Archibald Campbell said twenty-five lacs, he meant twenty-five, not six; and even the king and queen helped in melting gold and silver vessels, and weighing it out, to save their city.

The government now did not even ask Mr. Judson the question whether he would go or not; but some of the officers took him by the arm as he was walking the street, and told him he must go immediately on board the boat, to accompany the Burmese officials who were going down to make peace. This was accomplished, and in two days from the time of Mr. Judson's return to Ava, he and Mrs. Judson took an affectionate farewell of the kind Burman officer who had so long entertained them, and left forever the banks of Ava.

"It was on a cool, moonlight evening," wrote Mrs. Judson, "in the month of March, 1826, that with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing joy at our prospects, we passed down the

Irawadi, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth. We now, for the first time for more than a year and a half, felt that we were free, and no longer subject to the oppressive yoke of the Burmese. And with what sensations of delight, on the next morning, did I behold the masts of the steamboat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilization."

The camp of the British was near a place called Yan-ta-bo, and there Mr. and Mrs. Judson were received with great honors and attention. In fact, the reception of a lady was a great incident in camp, and the fame of Mrs. Judson's heroic conduct had gone before her. General Campbell's son came with the staff of officers who escorted her from the boat, and military honors awaited her on shore, where she was received by Sir Archibald in person, and her tent was larger and more commodious than his own.

A few days later General Campbell gave a dinner to the Burmese peace commissioners, and made it an affair of pomp and magnificence. The camp was turned into a scene of festivity, with a profusion of gold and crimson and floating banners. When the dinner-hour had arrived, the

company marched in couples, to the music of the band, toward the table, led by General Campbell, who walked alone. Opposite the tent with the veranda, suddenly the music ceased, and the whole procession stood still.

Before the wondering eyes of the Burmans the general entered the tent. In a moment he reappeared, with a lady on his arm—no stranger to the conscious commissioners—whom he led to the table and seated at his own right hand. The commissioners slid into their seats shrinkingly and sat as though transfixed by astonishment and fear.

General Campbell began to take in the situation and enjoyed it exceedingly. "Mrs. Judson," he said, "I fancy these gentlemen are old acquaintances of yours, and judging from their appearance you must have treated them very ill. What is the matter with yonder owner of the pointed beard? He seems to be seized with an ague fit."

"I do not know," answered Mrs. Judson, fixing her eyes upon the trembler, "unless his memory is busy. When my husband was suffering from fever in the inner prison, I walked several miles to that man's house to ask him a favor. He kept me waiting for hours, and then I

received a rough refusal. When I was turning sorrowfully away he seized the silk umbrella that I carried in my hand. I told him that I needed it to protect me from the heat of the sun, that I had no money with me to buy another, and begged him to let me have at least a paper umbrella, if he must keep the silk one. But he laughed at me, told me it was only stout people that suffered from sunstroke, and turned me from his door."

Now the British officers, in spite of their pride of courtesy and hospitality, could not restrain their glances and expressions of indignation, and the poor Burman seemed to understand what was passing. His features were distorted with fear, while his face, from which the perspiration oozed painfully, appeared, through his tawny skin, of a deathly paleness. Then Mrs. Judson, with pity in her fine eyes, leaned forward and spoke gently in Burmese,

"Sir, you have nothing to fear."

And that was Ann Judson's revenge.

XIII

THE MYSTERIOUS PILLOW

RANGOON again!

Once more the Judsons sailed down the Irawadi, this time in a British gunboat, and arrived at Rangoon March 21, 1826.

There they found the little mission completely broken up. The missionaries, the Wades and the Houghs, had been face to face with a terrible death. When the British fleet drew near the town Mr. Hough and Mr. Wade were imprisoned, and the prison guard were ordered to massacre them the moment the British fired a gun.

That was just the work the prison guard enjoyed. They sharpened their swords, and waved them around the heads of the missionaries with great glee, and cast sand on the floor to receive their blood.

Boom! Boom!

The foundations of the prison were shaken by a tremendous broadside from the gunboat "Liffey," and a thirty-two pound shot whistled

horridly over the prison. The executioners became panic-stricken, threw down their swords, and fled from the prison.

But other Burmans came and dragged the missionaries to the place of execution. They were compelled to kneel, and the great sword was uplifted to strike, when the second broadside came, and the executioners fled once more, and did not return. Meanwhile Mrs. Hough and Mrs. Wade had escaped great danger only by disguising themselves as Burman women. At last all the missionaries were discovered and rescued by the advancing British troops, and they left for Calcutta, to remain there during the war.

When the war was over the Burmans were compelled to give up to the English a part of their kingdom, the province of Tenasserim, five hundred miles long, bordering on the Bay of Bengal. In this district the British planned to found a new town, to be the capital of the province and the headquarters of the army. Mr. Judson went with the civil commissioner to select a site for the new town, and they gave it the name of Amherst.

Another new start for the pioneers who refused to be discouraged! Mr. Judson decided to move the mission to Amherst, where he could still

preach to Burmans, and yet be under the protection of the British flag.

The Judsons were among the first settlers in Amherst. They began their work there July 2, 1826, and made their home in the very midst of the jungle. But the prospects looked bright: the town was growing rapidly; there were four faithful converts from Rangoon, including Moung Ing, to start a little church; the missionaries were coming back from Calcutta; and, best of all, there were reenforcements—Mr. and Mrs. George Dana Boardman, who proved to be most worthy and helpful colaborers.

Just at this time the British Government asked Mr. Judson to go to Ava to help make a treaty of commerce with the Burman king. At first he did not want to do that. "I feel a strong desire," he said, "henceforth to avoid every secular occupation, and to devote the remainder of my days to the simple declaration of the all-precious truths of our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ." But for several reasons he finally concluded he ought to go; and he arrived at Ava September 30, 1826.

And now there fell upon the pioneer the shadow of a great sorrow, harder to bear than all the bodily pains and tortures which he had endured.

One day a letter was brought to him which told him that his beloved wife was dead.

After her husband left for Ava Mrs. Judson went about her work with a cheerful heart. She built a little bamboo dwelling and two schoolhouses, and started a school for the Burman children. Then suddenly came the Indian fever once more, and this time her strength, after all she had been through, was too weak to resist it. No missionary friends had yet come to Amherst, and her husband was far away in Ava. The English doctor and residents did all they could, while the Burman converts, like children, gathered brokenhearted around their "white mama." It was on October 24, 1826, that her spirit passed. All the European officers at Amherst attended her funeral, and they buried her beside the southern sea, beneath the shade of the hopia tree. It was a lonely grave then, but since that day millions have stood by it in spirit, and honored the one who was laid to rest there. And so will other millions speak her praise, as long as the Blessed Story, which Ann Judson gave her life to tell, is known among men.

It was at this time—the only time—that the pioneer almost gave up in despair. He loved his

HOPIA TREE NEAR THE GRAVE OF ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON

FRANJIPANI TREE PLANTED BY THE PIONEER

wife so dearly, he depended upon her so fully, they had toiled and suffered together so bravely, that it seemed to him as though a gloom were cast over all his future prospects. For a short time he had his little Maria to comfort him and remind him of her mother; but in a few months she too was taken and laid beside that mother beneath the hopia tree.

But the pioneer was too great a man to stay in the depths of despair. He struggled through the gloom and with the old-time Judson courage and zeal he pressed forward.

It was a strange thing, but after all they had endured the missionaries had not yet found just the right place for the headquarters of their work in Burma. That is the way it always is in pioneering—if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Amherst didn't prove to be the chief town of the new province after all. Moulmein, twenty-five miles farther north, was made the headquarters of the army and the seat of British authority. So once again, in 1827, the mission was moved, and at Moulmein began the real success of the work in Burma, and from it new missionaries went forth in all directions, to found new stations by the riverside and among the mountains.

It was at Moulmein, through years of faithful toil, that Judson completed the translation of the Bible into Burmese. Perhaps this was the crown of his life-work.

He began it, you remember, almost as soon as he came to Burma, and had finished the New Testament before he was cast into prison at Ava. When Mrs. Judson was allowed to come to the prison and speak to him in English, one of the first questions he asked was, "Where is the New Testament manuscript?"

Ann hesitated a moment, as if the very prison walls could understand English. "I have hidden it in the ground under the house, along with the silver money and other things."

"Yes, that's all right for now; but it is the rainy season, and if the paper stays there it will mold and spoil. We must think of some better plan to save it."

"I'll tell you what I will do," declared Ann, "I will make it into a pillow for you."

So she took the precious manuscript and sewed it up into a pillow, so hard and uncomfortable that even his Burman jailers didn't have any temptation to take it away from him, and this he put under his head every night till the prisoners were

carried away to Aungbinle. Years afterward somebody asked him, "How could you rest on a pillow like that?"

"Well," he replied, "when people are loaded with chains, and sleep half the time on a bare board, their senses become so obtuse that they don't know the difference between a hard pillow and a soft one."

When the white prisoners were thrust back into the inner prison at Ava, Mr. Judson's hard pillow fell to the lot of one of the keepers, and Mr. Judson was given one that was not quite so "rocky." But he kept watch of the hard pillow, and offered his better one in exchange for it. Burmans are quick at a bargain, and the keeper jumped at the chance, thinking, no doubt, "What fools these white men are!"

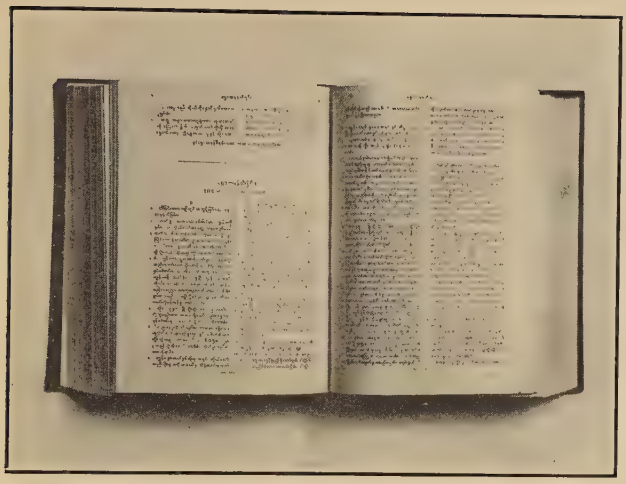
When the ruffians came to drive the prisoners to Aungbinle, one of them, looking for some kind of loot, grabbed the old pillow. He took off the mat which was used as a cover, and threw the roll of hard cotton away.

That looked like the end of the manuscript story. But a few hours later good Moung Ing came hunting about the prison and street, to see if he could find anything belonging to his beloved

teacher. What is that? Moung Ing stooped and picked up the bundle. Why, that is the pillow that the mama teacher made. And he took it to the house as a token, and when the prison scenes were over the manuscript was safe and untouched.

One of the new missionaries who came to Moulmein was Cephas Bennett, a printer, and Mr. Judson began to put the New Testament through the press and to continue on the translation of the Old Testament. He had a little room built near the native chapel where he did this work. How vigorously he went at translating was pretty well told in a description by Mrs. Emily Judson, when Mr. Judson was a good many years older. "The good man works like a galley-slave. He walks—or rather runs—like a boy over the hills, a mile or two every morning; then down to his books, scratch, scratch, puzzle, puzzle, and when he gets deep into the mire, out on the veranda, talking with me, and then down again, and so on till ten o'clock in the evening. It is this walking that is keeping him out of the grave."

But there were times in Moulmein when the other sort of pioneering broke out in him—the kind he loved the best. Up and down the Irawadi



THE BIBLE IN BURMESE, TRANSLATED BY JUDSON

THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSION PRESS AT RANGOON

he went, speaking to the multitudes in the cities, preaching Christ at the foot of a Buddhist pagoda, talking with some lone traveler by the wayside, distributing tracts and books. Long afterward missionaries found elderly people in remote parts of Burma who would say:

"Oh, yes, I know what you mean. Once I was on a journey, and I met him they called Yoodthan, and he told this same Jesus story. Oh, but his eyes did shine! I have never forgotten it."

It was during these years too, that the wonderful story of the Karens and the gospel began. Almost as soon as Judson came to Rangoon he noticed small parties of wild-looking men that straggled past his home.

"What kind of Burmans are those?" he asked.

"They are not Burmans at all," his people told him; "they are Karens. They are not Buddhist, either; they worship the spirits when they worship at all. There is undying hatred between them and the Burmans, and you cannot tame them any more than you can the wild buffaloes of the mountains."

But the pioneer knew that there was no tribe nor nation that the gospel could not tame, and he was the means of bringing into gospel light Ko

Tha Byu, the first of the many thousands of Karen converts in Burma.

This man was, as he told his own story in later years, a wicked and ungovernable boy, and when he was about fifteen years old he ran away from his mountain home to join a company of robbers and murderers. Robbers in Burma at that time were men who by profession performed the most horrid deeds, and Ko Tha Byu became a leader among them.

After the Burman war of 1826, Ko Tha Byu drifted to Rangoon, where Shwe Be, a Burman helper of Judson, bought him, according to Burman law, by paying his debt of a few rupees. But he seemed to be so stupid that his master was glad to get rid of him. Doctor Judson took him, paying to Shwe Be the amount of his debt, and so becoming nominally Ko Tha Byu's master. But his only purpose was to open his eyes to the gospel, and thus reach the Karens through him.

Oh, what a patient, persevering, long-suffering, never-let-go, always believing, enthusiastic man Adoniram Judson was! He went at Ko Tha Byu just as he did everything else. For months he worked over him and patiently tried to open up his stupid mind and get at any goodness there, or

develop any power of self-control in him, but with little to show for his efforts. Never mind; the teaching went on, and by and by the patient, prayerful work began to prevail. Inch by inch the Sun of righteousness arose, inch by inch the darkness was driven out of Ko Tha Byu's heart, and he began to have some control over his temper, until the robber and murderer was changed into the willing, faithful follower of Christ.

It was at Tavoy that he was baptized, by George Dana Boardman, in 1828. He had been accepted for baptism by Judson's little Burman church at Moulmein, but when Boardman was sent to Tavoy, Ko Tha Byu begged to go with him and seek out the Karens in the mountains around that city.

He was wonderfully successful among his fellow tribesmen. One reason for this was that he told them that the Karen traditions were now fulfilled in the coming of the missionaries. The Karens had some remarkable traditions about the creation of the world and the temptation and fall of man, similar to the record in Genesis. They were not idol-worshipers, but they made offerings to the spirits of earth and air. Moreover, their prophets had told them that some day their

" younger white brother " would come across the sea with the " white book " which their ancestors had lost.

So when Ko Tha Byu came to their villages with the news that the White Brother had come, and that he had brought the White Book of Life, they were ready to accept it. The news was carried from hill to hill, the chiefs and the elders came down to the mission stations to see for themselves, and several thousand were baptized within a few months.

That was the beginning of the work among the Karens, which has been the most successful of all mission work in Burma. Judson himself never learned the Karen language, but, with Ko Tha Byu and others, he made trips to the Karen villages, and saw the spreading of the influence that began with the conversion of one wild Karen robber.

Amid such scenes as these Judson worked faithfully on with his Burman Bible till at last the glad day came when it was finished. On the last day of January, 1834, he wrote: " Thanks be to God, I can *now* say I have attained. I have knelt down before him with the last leaf in my hand; I have commended it to his mercy and grace; I have

"JUDSON MADE TRIPS TO THE KAREN VILLAGES"

SPREADING THE GOSPEL STORY AMONG THE KARENS

dedicated it to his glory. May he make his own inspired word, now complete in the Burman tongue, the grand instrument of filling all Burma with songs of praise to our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen!"

The pioneer's head did not rest on a hard pillow that night.

XIV

ECHOES FROM MOULMEIN

TEN years of happy home life!

That is the next chapter in the pioneer's story, though it has a sad ending.

Soon after he finished the Burman Bible, Mr. Judson made a trip to Tavoy, and there, April 10, 1834, he was married to Mrs. Sarah H. Boardman, the widow of the devoted missionary, George Dana Boardman.

The new Mrs. Judson was another true missionary heroine. After Mr. Boardman died she spent the three years of her widowhood in tireless service among the Karens at Tavoy, even going on jungle tours, climbing mountains, and fording rivers to reach the villages. A British officer tells how he met her on a stormy day among the wild dreary mountains. "I took refuge from the storm in a wayside *zayat,* and was just thinking what wretched corners the world has hidden beyond its oceans and trees, when suddenly I was startled by the vision of a fair, smiling face in

front of the *zayat,* belonging to a dripping figure, which seemed, to my surprised imagination, to have stepped that moment from the clouds. But the party of wild Karen followers which gathered around her had a very human air. The lady was as much surprised as myself; but she courtesied with ready grace, as she made some pleasant remark in English."

This was Mrs. Boardman on one of her jungle tours. "When I first stood by the grave of Mr. Boardman," she said to a friend, "I felt that I must go home with my little boy George. But these Karens, schoolboys, and Burmans would be left without any one to instruct them; how could I go?"

Busy days began again when Mr. and Mrs. Judson returned to Moulmein. Mr. Judson was still at work on the Bible. He spent six years after he had finished the translation in revising it before he would allow it to go to press. But that wasn't all. He preached twice every Sunday; he held a meeting every morning with the native evangelists, who went about the town preaching; he had the care of the Burman church; he superintended the printing-press—and other things "too numerc ·s to mention."

As the years went on little children were born in the Moulmein home, and the pioneer laughed and sang and romped like a child with them.

"Your little sister Abby is a sweet, fat baby," he wrote to his young stepson, George Boardman, who had been sent to America. And he talked like any other proud father about his first son, Adoniram: "He is one of the prettiest, brightest children you ever saw. Abby is growing fast. She runs about and talks Burman quite fluently, but no English. I am not troubled about her not getting English at present, for we shall have to send her home in a few years, and then she will get it of course."

Here is a little scene that was just as funny in Burma as it would have been in America. One Sunday the nurse carried little Adoniram, "Pwen," the natives called him, to church where his father preached. But as soon as Mr. Judson stood up in the pulpit Pwen began to call out, in a voice almost as big as his father's, "Bah! Bah!" which is the Burman word for "father," and the nurse had to carry him out with all haste. Edward Judson remembers how his father used to play joyfully with him and the other children, and would come into his room in the morning with a

A HEATHEN BURMAN

CHRISTIAN BURMANS

delicious piece of Burman cake, and spring the news, "Another rat caught in the trap last night, Edward!" and Mr. Judson wrote to a missionary friend: "I have to hold a meeting with the rising generation every evening, and that takes time. Henry can say 'Twinkle, twinkle' all by himself, and Edward can repeat it after his father! Giants of genius! paragons of erudition!" With children the pioneer showed the heart of a child.

Even better than a photograph is the description of Mr. Judson at work, from Doctor Malcom, who visited Moulmein about this time. "We worshiped with the Burman congregation in the *zayat*. About seventy were present, nearly all Christians. Seldom have I seen so attentive and devout an audience. But it was sweet to see the founder of the mission sitting there to rejoice in the growth of the cause for which he suffered so much. His labors, his sufferings for years, his mastery of the language, his being the pastor of a church of over a hundred natives, make him the most interesting missionary now alive. His age is but forty-seven; his eye is not dim; not a gray hair shows itself among his full auburn locks; his moderate-sized person seems full of vigor; he walks almost every evening a mile or two at a

quick pace, and enjoys in general steadfast health."

But toward the close of this period there was much illness in the home at Moulmein. Mr. Judson developed a throat trouble, which soon began to make it very hard for him to speak, and Mrs. Judson and some of the children were seriously ill. They all took some sea-voyages, which gave partial relief, but at length it was plain enough to be seen that the only chance to save Mrs. Judson's life was to take her away from the tropical climate. Therefore they made arrangements to go to America, and on April 26, 1845, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, with Abby, Adoniram, and Elnathan, embarked on the ship "Paragon," bound for London.

Now, what do you suppose this middle-aged dynamo proposed to do "on the side" while he was away from Burma? He had begun work on a Burman dictionary, and he actually took with him two Burmese assistants, so that he could keep pegging away at that dictionary. "It is my purpose," he wrote to the Board, "to devote some hours each day, whether on the sea or land, to the dictionary."

The first part of the voyage was rough, and the

ship sprang aleak, so that the captain put in at the island of Mauritius, where they arrived July fifth.

By this time Mrs. Judson seemed much better, and that fact led to one of the most heroic decisions ever made by man or woman. It was this: That Mr. Judson should return to Burma, while Mrs. Judson should go on with the children to America. Both had been absent from their native land for many years, and their affection for each other was so deep that the thought of parting was a greater suffering than any bodily pain; yet because of their love for the Master and those he came to save, they made this heroic sacrifice. And under the inspiration of that exalted act Mrs. Judson wrote, for her husband to take back to Burma, the beautiful poem beginning:

> We part on this green islet, love—
> Thou for the eastern main,
> I for the setting sun, love,
> Oh, when to meet again!

The two Burmese assistants had been sent back to Moulmein, and Mr. Judson was only waiting to see Mrs. Judson safely on board a ship for America, when she became very ill again. He knew it would be impossible for him to leave her, and they

embarked on the ship "Sophia Walker," bound directly for the United States.

At sea Mrs. Judson revived for a short time, but as they drew near the island of St. Helena she sank rapidly, and died, September 1, 1845, not alone, as Ann had died at Amherst, but with her husband near her, to hold her hand and to speak words of comfort and affection to the last.

Captain Codman, the kind-hearted master of the ship, which had come to anchor in the port of St. Helena, did all in his power to show respect and honor both to the living and the dead. The flag of the ship was put at half-mast, and immediately all the ships in the harbor responded with the same signal. The American consul provided mourning garments for Mr. Judson and the three children. Toward sunset a little procession was formed in the harbor; three boats went ahead, "mournfully, tenderly, solemn, and slow," towing the boat which bore the body of Mrs. Judson. Then came a boat with Mr. Judson and the children and Captain Codman.

On shore the people were eager to show their sympathy. The shops were closed and all business suspended. They had prepared a grave in a beautiful, shady spot, and there a large company

of people gathered to witness the burial service, conducted by the Colonial chaplain and Rev. Mr. Bertram. And thus on the "Rock of the Sea," where died Napoleon, the greatest advocate and upholder of war, was laid to rest the gentle, devoted follower of the Prince of Peace.

Mournfully, tenderly,
Bear onward the dead.
Where the Warrior has lain,
Let the Christian be laid;
No place more befitting,
O Rock of the Sea!
Never such treasure
Was hidden in thee.

Mr. Bertram and his friends welcomed Mr. Judson to their homes and hearts. But the ship could not delay. That same evening they sailed away, and on October 15, 1845, the pioneer and his motherless children arrived in Boston.

XV

THE PIONEER'S FAREWELL

FAMOUS MISSIONARY ARRIVES!
DOCTOR JUDSON IN BOSTON!
CHURCHES CAN'T HOLD THRONGS!

WITH such phrases as these the newspapers reported the arrival of the pioneer in his native land, and his triumphal progress through the country. And nobody was astonished at this reception but Mr. Judson himself.

When the ship was entering the harbor he was wondering anxiously, "Where can I find a lodging-place for myself and the children?" But the moment his arrival was known the doors of hundreds of homes swung wide to welcome him and to comfort and care for his children.

In fact, Mr. Judson hardly knew how to act under the tremendous enthusiasm which his visit to the United States aroused. "Once I was present," said a gentleman, "where a great concourse

of people assembled to greet Mr. Judson. One of the speakers addressed him in words of eloquent praise; but as he continued Mr. Judson's head sank lower and lower until his chin seemed to touch his breast."

Again, he had so completely adapted himself to Burma that coming home was in some respects like going to a foreign country. The whole railway system had come into existence since he sailed on the "Caravan." One day he entered a train at Worcester, and had just taken his seat, when the newsboy came along.

"Paper, sir?"

"Yes, thank you," said the missionary, and he took a paper and calmly began to read.

The newsboy waited—and waited, and began to think unutterable things about such a customer. There was a lady in the same seat with Mr. Judson, and at last she spoke:

"The boy expects to be paid for his paper."

Mr. Judson started up in surprise. "Why—yes, yes," he stammered; "I have been distributing papers free so long in Burma that I had no idea the boy was expecting any pay."

He even went to extremes in sinking himself out of sight for Burma's sake. He wrote to the

Board before he came home that they mustn't expect him to make speeches, because he had practically lost the speaking use of English. "When I crossed the river," he said, "I burned my ships. For thirty-two years I have scarcely entered an English pulpit or made a speech in that language." His increasing throat trouble too made it impossible for him to speak very much.

Still, he did appear before many great congregations, and spoke when he could. There was a thrilling scene at the Bowdoin Square Church, in Boston, two days after his arrival. Doctor Sharp welcomed him, and then Mr. Judson rose to reply. But he could not be heard a few feet from where he stood; the glorious voice that had rung out among the pagodas of Burma was almost silenced.

Doctor Hague stood by the missionary's side and repeated what he said to the multitude, and then went on with a speech of his own.

Suddenly he was interrupted. A man pressed through the crowded aisles, ascended the pulpit, and he and Mr. Judson embraced each other with tears of affection, and there were tears in the eyes of many others as they looked on the scene. For this was Samuel Nott, one of the five young men

ordained at Salem thirty-three years before. Newell, Rice, and Hall were dead; Nott had come home because of ill health; and the only one of the five still active in missionary work was Judson—after all his tortures and sufferings.

Another thrilling scene was at the Triennial Convention—the convention that was organized in response to Judson's trumpet call. It was held at New York, November 19, 1845. In the presence of the vast throng Doctor Cone took the missionary by the hand and led him to the platform to introduce him to the president, Doctor Wayland.

The effect upon the multitude was overwhelming. They could not restrain their emotions, for they saw more than the pale, worn missionary; around him they beheld the prison scenes at Ava and Aungbinle; beside him they saw those beautiful, devoted women, who gave their lives joyfully that they might be fellow servants of Christ with him.

At this convention there was some discussion about giving up the Burman mission in Arracan. This was too much for Judson. He sprang up, and for a moment the splendid voice rang out as of old:

"I must protest against the abandonment of the Arracan Mission!"

Then his speech sank to a whisper again; but the words were mighty even though they had to be repeated to the audience by the lips of Doctor Cone:

"If the convention thinks my services can be dispensed with in finishing the dictionary, I will go immediately to Arracan; or I will go there after the dictionary is finished, if God spares my life, and labor there, and die, and be buried there."

The convention was stirred to its depths, and the Arracan Mission was saved.

It was the same in the South as in the North. "We have long and fervently wished to see your face," said Doctor Jeter in welcoming him to a great meeting at Richmond, in February, 1846. "Welcome, thrice welcome are you, my brother, to our city, our churches, our hearts. I speak as a representative of Southern Baptists. We love you for the truth's sake, and for your labors in the cause of Christ. We honor you as the father of American missions." He wished to go farther south, but his strength would not permit.

One thing that Mr. Judson wished to do while in America was to make arrangements for the

THE SCHOOLS HAVE THEIR FOOTBALL TEAMS

BOYS OF A MISSION SCHOOL AT GYMNASTICS

preparation of a life of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson. A life of Ann Judson had been published, and was eagerly read by thousands.

For this purpose he was introduced to Miss Emily Chubbuck, a brilliant and popular writer, who used the pen-name of Fanny Forester. This acquaintance led to the marriage of Mr. Judson and Miss Chubbuck, June 2, 1846.

Mrs. Emily Judson was only a few years in the mission field, but there is a special reason why all who love and honor the memory of Adoniram Judson must be very grateful to her. He went to extremes in belittling his experiences and achievements, and in destroying all but the most general accounts of them. But he often talked with Emily about the past, and she made notes and recorded incidents that without her help would have remained unknown. One little passage from her writings shows why it was that those who were nearest to Mr. Judson had such a deep affection for him: "He was always planning little surprises for family and neighbors, and kept up through his married life those little lover-like attentions which I believe husbands are apt to forget. There was always a kind of romance about him. If he went out before I was

awake in the morning, very likely some pretty message was pinned to my mosquito-curtain. And often when he sat at his study table, some droll, tender, or encouraging message was constantly finding its way to me on a scrap of paper."

And now farewells must be spoken again, to his children, to his sister Abby at Plymouth, to many dear friends everywhere. One of the most touching incidents was his visit to the Tabernacle Church, in Salem, where he had been ordained. Not many years ago there was an elderly man in Salem who remembered that scene. He said:

"I was a boy about sixteen years old when Mr. Judson visited America, and went to Sunday-school in the Tabernacle Church. One day, during the session of the school Mr. Judson came into the room, went to the old Deacons' Seat, where he sat during the ordination in 1812, and remained quietly there for some time. I can remember just how he looked." That's it—there was something about the personality of Judson that made a deep impression on every one who met him.

The missionary party sailed from Boston July 11, 1846, and where do you suppose Judson intended to finish up his work as a missionary?

Back in Rangoon!

Somehow he couldn't seem to give up the idea of establishing a successful mission at Rangoon, and they set up housekeeping there in "Bat Castle," February 15, 1847, coming by way of Moulmein, and bringing the two little boys of Mr. Judson who had been left there.

"Bat Castle" was a big brick house which Mr. Judson hired, and many of the rooms were full of bats. "We have had a grand bat hunt yesterday and to-day," he wrote; "bagged two hundred and fifty, and calculate to make up a round thousand before we have done. In the upper story of this den they flare up through the night with a vengeance, and the sound of their wings is as the sound of many waters, yea, as the sound of many waters; so that sleep departs from our eyes and slumber from our eyelids."

There was illness too in "Bat Castle," and often it was hard to get nourishing food, especially during the Buddhistic *Wah,* or Lent, which lasts from July to October. One day Mr. Judson said to the Burman purveyor:

"You must contrive to get something the mama can eat; she will starve to death."

"What shall I get?"

"Anything—anything."

Well, there was a capital dinner, but they couldn't find out what it was. Cook said he didn't know—but he grinned a horrible grin. In the evening the bazaar man was called and questioned,

"What did we have for dinner to-day?"

"Were they good?"

"Excellent."

Then came an explosion of laughter from the bazaar man, in which the cook joined.

"Now, tell me," demanded the master, "what were they?"

"Rats!"

Thus, making light of the seamy side of life, Mr. and Mrs. Judson toiled on, Mrs. Judson learning the language and finishing her life of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson.

But Rangoon was still in Burmese territory, and the government did all it could to hinder and distress the mission, and after a year and a half of toil and suffering there, Mr. Judson was compelled to return to Moulmein, where until his last sickness he worked steadily on the dictionary.

The beginning of the end was in November, 1849. In caring at night for one of the children he caught cold, and the disease which had affected

his throat for so many years fastened upon his lungs, and he failed very rapidly.

Then the sea called him once more—and held him. In all his illnesses the ocean breezes had never failed to give him relief, and he was never so happy as when upon the sea. It was hard to leave his wife and children, but there was no other way, and his weeping disciples carried him aboard the French bark "Aristide Marie," April 3, 1850.

Mr. Ranney of the Moulmein Mission went with him to care for him. But the time had come when the spirit of the great missionary was to be set free from his worn-out body. The end came on April 12, 1850. "His death," said Mr. Ranney, "was like falling asleep. A gentle pressure of the hand, growing more and more feeble as life waned, showed the peacefulness of the spirit about to take its flight."

Now the ship was far out at sea, and there must the burial be. A plank coffin was made and heavily weighted. At eight o'clock in the evening the crew assembled, the larboard port was opened, and in perfect silence, broken only by the command of the captain, the body of the Pioneer of Burma was committed to the deep.

. . . . . .

The pioneer's alert figure disappeared from human sight forever. His clarion voice will never again waken the echoes among the pagodas of Pagan or Mandalay, nor call out from the wayside,

"Ho, every one that thirsteth! Come ye to the waters!"

Yet listen!

It is night in a village among the Burman mountains. The dark summits loom in the distance as the flaring lamps light up a scene in the center of the town. A fine-looking young Karen stands before a group of boys and girls and young people, and around them are gathered, watching, most of the people of the village.

The young evangelist lifts his hand.

"Ready; sing!"

At the wave of his hand the sweet, clear young voices break forth:

I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free!

"Good! Now, be sure you sing it like that next week when the people are here at the Association. Now, all together, the Psalm!"

And where the name of the true God was so

CHRISTIANS AT KAREN JUBILEE

A KAREN CHOIR AND BAND

long unknown, out into the night rolls in full volume:

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein."

This is Th'ra Soh-Yur, the twentieth-century successor of Ko Tha Byu, for whom the pioneer toiled so earnestly. He has been in the village less than a month; yet the people have already built him a chapel, and the children have learned to sing and repeat many passages from the Bible. Is it not the pioneer's voice yet speaking?

The scene changes to one of the larger towns. Who are these that come from the rice-fields, the valleys, the rivers, the forests, and the mountains? They come in throngs—missionaries and native Christians—to the All-Burma Convention. Missionaries are there, successors to the pioneer, who labor at such distant stations that they have never met before, though they have been in Burma for years. And native Christians—Burmans, Karens, Chins, Shans, Talains, Kachins—all are there. Six days of meetings! How eagerly they talk about the things of the kingdom! How gloriously they sing, in many languages, all blended into one hymn of praise, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!" What a marvelous blossoming out of

that first prayer-meeting, when there were present the pioneer and the first two Burman converts.

Once more. In the homeland now. Down at the wharf, to watch the sailing of a ship.

No, not the "Caravan," but a big ocean liner, the twentieth-century successor of the "Caravan." On her deck, among the hundreds of passengers, there is a group of missionaries. Some of them are veterans, returning again to the front after a furlough. Many of them are young, almost as young as Adoniram and Ann Judson. They are going out for the first time, and some of them are going to Burma. They are young people of to-day, but in their eyes is the look that tells that, like the pioneer, they have "farther to go than Boston."

Slowly, surely, the great ship moves. From the throng upon the wharf rises the voice of song, "God be with You till We Meet Again." The ship that towered so grandly grows smaller and smaller in the distance, till it is lost in the multitude of other craft. But the mighty, far-sounding sea, that received to itself the weary frame of the pioneer, shall bear onward the ship to its destination. And as the years go on, another and another shall hear the call, and until the churches of Jesus

shall supplant the idolatrous monuments, and the chanting of the devotees of Boodh shall die away before the Christian hymns of praise, there shall not fail in Burma devoted successors to

JUDSON THE PIONEER.

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